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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THERE was a stage in the late war when the armies were always officially "advancing," but careful readers of the despatches noticed the curious fact that month after month these same armies, nevertheless, remained in the same place. Much the same thing seems to be happening at the Naval Conference. The conversations are always progressing. But the delegates remain very much where they were two months ago.

The British are understood at the moment to be trying to discover a formula which will give the French security without an actual guarantee. This sounds very much like squaring the circle, or any other synonym for the impossible. As M. Tardieu no longer thinks it necessary to attend the Conference, we may take it that the French Government would accept such a form of words to save its face, but would not necessarily attach much importance to it.

The financial year closed with the expected deficit of some fourteen and a half millions. The blame for this must be shared between Messrs. Churchill and Snowden, with Hatry and Co. as a contributory factor. Mr. Churchill budgeted on the expectation that the boom would last, and it did not. Mr. Snowden spent money on the assumption that he can blame Mr. Churchill for all the falling-off. Actually, both seem about equally responsible.

It would conduce to clarity if these two gentlemen could be persuaded to regard the national accounts as something more than a domestic affair similar to those household scenes in which husband and wife each accuse the other of wicked extravagance. The *tu quoques* of Chancellor and ex-Chancellor are more amusing than instructive, and neither has quite the impeccable record that would justify these recriminations. But we are certain to have a surfeit of these knockabout turns as soon as Easter is over.



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The Government defeat on Monday afternoon was of no consequence. We are definitely back at the conditions of 1832-68, when minority Cabinets were the rule rather than the exception, defeats were frequent, and resignations rare. Some political writers of late years have characterized this as the golden age of Parliament, when men voted according to their convictions, and the party whip was cracked in vain. Let us hope they are right, but one is not unduly impressed by the repetition of the golden age in 1930.

It seems at first sight a little curious that Lord Beaverbrook, after raising a campaign fund and returning it to the donors within a month of its receipt, should start a second fund and call his crusaders up again. But the oddity, or inconsistency, is only on the surface. The first movement seemed to have accomplished its purpose in converting Mr. Baldwin, and the sinews of war were no longer needed. Now it is seen that the conversion of the leader does not necessarily mean the conversion of the led, and Lord Salisbury's letter and other indications have shown that it is necessary for Lord Beaverbrook to support Mr. Baldwin against some of his own lieutenants.

Meanwhile the Beaverbrook campaign made two blunders. The first was in accepting the support of Lord Rothermere, who started his own independent policy, which had to be repudiated. The second was in falling back on the referendum, which was already discredited by its hasty adoption and quick abandonment as a Conservative plank twenty years ago in the days of Lord Balfour's leadership. Lord Beaverbrook has successfully shaken off the embarrassment of the Rothermere programme. It remains to be seen whether he can jettison the referendum.

Once he can do that, he is in an extremely strong position to recommend his policy to the electors. The first response to his call was extraordinary, and enthusiasm only evaporated when his Free Trade policy was saddled with Lord Rothermere's fads about Irak and bureaucrats, which had nothing to do with the original Empire policy. I see no reason why Lord Beaverbrook should not whip up enthusiasm afresh when he goes campaigning again.

It is rather strange that the daily Press should have paid virtually no attention to the Government's agricultural policy, a forecast of which was published in the *Daily Herald* last week. The forecast, if incomplete, was substantially correct, and it marks an important decision. The Government's proposals, which are less embryonic than the Labour daily seemed to indicate, are being discussed with interest and anxiety by hard-pressed agriculturists, and they cannot be lightly dismissed or ignored.

Canon Donaldson was fully justified in protesting against a Derby Sweepstake being held in aid of a church fund. We all know that it is difficult to raise money for religious purposes in these days, and the clergy can perhaps be forgiven for casting an occasional longing look at the success of the more popular form of appeal employed

by hospitals and other charitable institutions. But the doctrine of *Non olet* does not really apply to religious gifts, and it would be wise to resist temptation in this matter.

Mr. Snowden must heartily wish that Lord Olivier had never been sent to the West Indies. The Chancellor is being tripped up on statements of fact in a way that must be disconcerting even to his self-sufficiency. When Mr. Snowden informs Mr. Ormsby-Gore that to increase the British rate of preference on sugar to the Canadian rate would cost £1,333,333 a year, Lord Olivier points out that that implies a preferred consumption of 1,500,000 tons. Empire imports and home production combined in 1929 were only 990,000 tons. That is not the only element of the sugar situation in regard to which Lord Olivier finds the Chancellor "ill informed."

The lamented death of Lord Balfour will compel Cambridge University to look around for a successor to the chancellorship, and the task is not likely to be an easy one. It happens that most of the Elder Statesmen of the day are Oxford men, and it is being suggested that Cambridge may think it wise to go outside the political field and propose some great ecclesiastic or man of science.

Unluckily both the Archbishops come from Oxford. But it happens that one of the Bishops is distinguished in a field that is Cambridge's own peculiar delight; and it is rumoured that some support would be forthcoming for Bishop Barnes as Chancellor. Whatever may be said about his theology at Birmingham or Lambeth, his Evangelical Modernism is not unpopular at Cambridge, and his mathematics, of course, are above reproach.

A writer in the *Star* points out two or three times in the same article that if the McKenna duties on motor-cars are removed in the forthcoming Budget, the British market will be flooded by American cars, and British motor manufacturers virtually put out of business. This testimony to Protection in one of the most valiant witnesses to the unadulterated Free Trade gospel is interesting.

The death of Frau Wagner—she was also a daughter of Liszt—nearly fifty years after the composer himself, takes the mind back to the days of creation and storm, in which the great music-dramas were conceived and written. Whether she actually inspired the genius of her husband to 'Siegfried' and 'Parsifal,' as some of the obituaries suggest, is perhaps a little doubtful. But she at least helped to create the atmosphere in which those works were written, and the world owes her thanks for that.

Mr. Scullin's answers to questions in the House of Representatives have piqued curiosity as to who is to be Australia's next Governor-General. Some of the suggestions are at least amusing. One is that Mr. Thomas should be the King's next representative. Sir James O'Grady's success in Tasmania has opened up a new vista of distinction for Labourites, but it is easy to understand that none has

been more amused by the suggestion than the Lord Privy Seal himself. In Australia the advocates of local claimants are as usual active. For once they have mentioned a man against whom the customary objections cannot be raised. Sir Harry Chauvel, who distinguished himself as an Anzac cavalry leader in the war and is chief of the Australian Army Staff, is of quite exceptional quality. Whether Australians generally would care to lose the advantage of someone from the Old Country is another matter.

One moral to be extracted from the report of the Palestine Commission is peculiarly apposite just now. It is implicit in the commendation of the Acting High Commissioner and his colleagues for the manner in which they maintained some sort of order till reinforcements could be rushed into the country. Wonders were performed by mere handfuls of soldiers and police. But outrage and murder might have been prevented altogether if adequate forces had been available. The rapid spread of the trouble had to be overtaken at a heavy cost to all concerned. It was the price which invariably has to be paid for false economy in matters of defence.

The trouble over the Hampstead church advowson is an unhappy business. It seems that Hampstead has five Anglican churches, which cater for different varieties of Anglican ritual and opinion, that the system works well, and that had the congregations concerned known the advowson was in the market, they would have purchased it themselves. As it happens, the vicar of the mother church of the district was himself not aware of the position until the purchase was completed.

There have been several more or less comparable cases lately, and it is well known that trusts representing various forms of doctrine have been active in purchasing rights of presentation to various benefices. One knows, of course, that an appropriate if not quite convincing defence of these operations can be put forward. But the thing itself does not tend to general edification; or, in the case of Hampstead, to local satisfaction.

A correspondent writes to enquire whether there is any real reason why one should not be able to buy more than 500 National Savings Certificates, and suggests that the authorities should authorize an increase to, say, double the present limit. This would permit the small investor who wants complete security at five per cent. to save up to £800 with the State guarantee; and on the present system this would amount to £1,200 in ten years' time.

It is difficult to see any reason against the suggestion. Mr. Snowden spoke warmly in favour of thrift a few weeks ago, but he gave no reason why thrift should be a virtue to be encouraged up to £400 and forbidden thereafter. We all know that from the Socialist point of view the capitalist is the embodiment of all the evil in the world. But the difference between £400 and £800 can hardly make all the difference between the righteous poor and the unrighteous rich. Perhaps some Member of Parliament will put a question on the subject.

THE GAMBLERS

AFTER all it is nothing but a gamble. Liberalism and Labour are combining to dish the Tory Party for the space of two years, more or less, not because either regards that achievement as an end in itself, but because each hopes that it will then be in a position to dish the other for good and all. The terms of the temporary alliance are not known and it may well be that a regard, not so much for the decencies of politics as for the promptings of tactical wisdom, will cause them to remain unknown even after the Naval Conference has ceased to provide a smoke-screen. Conjecture, however, is easy. The ace up Mr. Snowden's sleeve will be played on April 14. It will probably take the trick. Penal taxation, such as Liberalism, when in the heyday of its strength, only imposed upon landlords, may safely be extended to capitalists now that the Liberal Party has lost the support of the big north-country manufacturers. It is even possible that Mr. Snowden has a second ace laid by to be played about a year hence. But Mr. Lloyd George's sleeve conceals only one ace. It will be produced when the Electoral Reform Committee reports.

It is a very dangerous card. The Liberal hope is that if proportional representation replaces our present system of election by a bare majority vote, Liberal support will be indispensable, possibly to any Government, certainly to any Labour Government. In the background lurks the further hope, congenial to Mr. Lloyd George's courageously optimistic temperament, that things will go so well as to make it possible for Liberalism to demand support instead of according it.

We had something to say last week about the case for proportional representation on its merits, and for the moment we need do no more than repeat that we regard it as a most questionable idea. But we do the Liberal Party no injustice when we say, that its members are now supporting proportional representation out of regard not for its merits but for their own. At the back of their minds is the thought that millions of electors are simply longing to vote Liberal and would do so but for the fear, which proportional representation will tranquillize, that their votes may be wasted. Is it not possible that this reasoning involves a miscalculation?

Consider the situation as it will develop at the next election. The Government will go to the country on a record of legislation which Liberalism will have helped to shape in Committee, but for whose principles the Labour Cabinet will be exclusively responsible. It is assumed that those who approve of it will be zealous to give Liberalism its proper share of the credit due. Why should they, and, for the matter of that, how can they? The Acts will be Labour's Acts, whoever may have voted for them. It is further assumed that the electorate will be in a mood to distinguish

between Labour initiative and Liberal support. We see no reason for supposing that the electorate will draw any distinction whatever. In practice, it will observe, Liberalism and Labour have meant the same thing. Why then conclude that the two beasts are of different species because one presents a few pink spots which are absent on the other? Surely it is equally permissible for the voter to argue that since Liberalism and Labour are indistinguishable in results and since Labour has now definitely taken the lead, he may as well vote Labour and have done with hair splitting.

Somewhat to our amusement we find this argument endorsed by the more extreme members of the Labour Party. The current issue of the *New Leader* contains a plea for proportional representation as a means of arresting the Liberalization of Labour. As things are, it is contended, a Liberal can vote Labour without repudiating his old political faith and may even infect his new allies with such elements of it as are still active. But under proportional representation the Liberal who wants to support Labour must do so without any qualification. The writers of the letter are of opinion that under such conditions real support will be given and we believe that they are right.

The plain fact is that if the electorate wants the two-party system, which belongs to its traditions and has the merit of presenting it with a clear issue and no half-lights, it will certainly get it, whatever tricks may be played with the constituencies. And if there is one thing which will make a return to the two-party system assured, it is the suspicion that the electoral system has been changed that the Liberal Party may steal an advantage. Mr. Lloyd George has staked his own future and his party's future on the belief that the electorate will not see through his manoeuvre. We believe that he is wrong and prefer to think that Liberalism will perish of the very drug which it has prescribed for the sake of its own survival.

THE WAY OUT FOR THE WEST INDIES

LORD OLIVIER has set people thinking furiously as to the future of the West Indies. Some drastic move will have to be made if the islands are not once more to become an Imperial byword. Whatever Mr. Snowden may, or may not, decide to do, or not to do, for the sugar planter, it is clear that they are on the verge of one of the crises which periodically have overtaken them during the last fifty or sixty years as the result of economic world forces aggravated by relentless so-called Imperial policy. They are suffering now as they were suffering when Froude paid his historic visit in 1886. And their loyalty is just as amazing, just as pathetic, now as it was then.

During the war, when these Colonies gave of their best to the Empire, we realized to the full the cost of our neglect in the sacred cause of cheapness. We tasted "the bitter sweets of bounties" and we noted the unreproachful devotion of those we had wronged. We registered the vow, "Never again!" here as elsewhere. In four years we lost

all that we had saved over forty years on our sugar bill, and in our own interests, not less than those of the West Indies, we solemnly declared that the Empire sugar producer had for ever established a claim to sympathetic treatment. Less than six years after the war a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, the same Mussolini of the Manchester survivals who holds the purse strings to-day, proceeded to halve the preference by cutting down the sugar duties. With the subsequent fall in world prices the planter has found it more and more difficult to make both ends meet, even with the assistance of such preference as he still gets.

What wonder that the West Indies are in despair, that even an Olivier is converted after seeing the facts for himself? Yet piteous as is their plight they turn a deaf ear to the whispered invitation of the rich neighbour, who would gladly take them over and ensure their prosperity, though they might no longer make money by selling liquor to Americans on an "alcohol holiday." They applaud to the echo the Prince of Wales's dictum: "British territory is not for sale," and they salute the flag with a heart-ache that the Old Mother should be prepared to sacrifice them for lolly-pop luxuries and an occasional extra lump of sugar in her tea.

If we are not ready to take the only measures which will save the West Indies from victimization on account of their loyalty, is it not incumbent on those who have the interests of the West Indies at heart to find some way out which will enable them to remain subjects of King George and yet give them a chance of restoring fallen fortunes? To let them drift is a patriotic crime. In a letter to Mr. Percy Hurd, the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce says that Jamaica sells more than two-thirds of her sugar to Canada—"and a lucky thing she does." The Canadian-West-Indian Agreement is working admirably and to the satisfaction of both parties. What the one wants the other can supply. A better partnership could not be imagined. Why then should it not be consummated by the incorporation of the West Indies with the Dominion? Canada is the only one of the great Dominions that has no responsibilities beyond its own borders. Australia has New Guinea; New Zealand has Samoa; South Africa has South-West Africa. The West Indies and Canada have had sufficient experience of each other in the last few years to know the lines along which they can work to best mutual advantage. What the United States have meant to Cuba, Canada might easily mean to the West Indies. The visit Lord Willingdon has just paid to the West Indies has in itself not been devoid of suggestion in this connexion, and he appears to have uttered sentiments wholly in keeping with the idea we now advance. Canada would know how to run the West Indies as a going patriotic business concern, which is more than Great Britain has ever attempted to do. The West Indies would get free entry into the markets of ten millions of people, and the growing factories of Canada would turn their attention to the needs of the West Indies. The West Indies would continue under the old flag, and Canada would take the first step on the road of destiny, which, some students believe, will in due time lead her to the very head-centreship of the Empire.

A PLEA FOR NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

BY A. WYATT TILBY

THE development of our national resources has of late years been treated as if it were part of the unemployment problem. That is a natural but unfortunate result of the fact that the unemployed have voices and votes, while the natural resources of the country have not; but it is worth while enquiring if we are not likely to get ahead faster by reversing that attitude. For the time being, then, let us regard unemployment as if it were an incidental part of the larger issue of national development. Public works to exploit potential resources do, in fact, employ surplus labour. But the real test of public works is not the number of men they employ for a limited time, but their permanent utility to the nation.

There is, of course, a school which objects to public works in any shape or form, and holds that what cannot be done by private enterprise at a given profit had better not be done at all. This school would have left Ireland without railways after the famine, and would, presumably, leave rural England to-day without the telephone or even the postman because those local State services cost more in service than they produce in revenue. But it is less necessary to argue this particular point of principle now than fifty years ago; experience in Australia, India, Egypt, Mexico and many other countries has shown that some natural resources must be developed by the State, or they will not be developed at all.

Two simple but sufficient reasons account for this. In the first place, there is a class of undertaking which is itself too large for private enterprise to undertake. In the second place, the results, though profitable in the long run, are not sufficiently near in point of time to attract private capital.

The second reason is more potent than the first. Ordinary business has to show a profit in a certain limited period—say, a maximum of ten years—or leave the thing alone. No doubt that is usually a sound enough working rule for everyday affairs. But ordinary business does not cover the whole of life, and its current maxims are not all-inclusive principles. Nobody, for example, rears a family on the basis of a decennial run; the real expenses are only beginning after ten years, but we do, in fact, go on rearing families—and incidentally lengthening the time during which they are liabilities rather than assets. But the State, being permanent, must take an even longer view than the family, which must produce its results and renew itself within thirty years or not at all.

We have, then, to recognize the fact that ordinary joint-stock business methods, which have done so much for commerce, cannot be stretched to cover all the needs of modern civilization. The State has to look farther ahead than the family or the trader; that is one of the reasons why the recurrent demand for "Business Government" is so easily answered. Banks and Business think in terms of quick profit; but the State must deal in securities that are not always commercially negotiable, and think in terms of ultimate yield from other aspects than the merely monetary.

This point, which is surely obvious, is gradually winning its way against the inadequate theories of the old Manchester school and the classical economists. Public works, of course, are still suspect; one still hears the story of the notorious national workshops of France after the Revolution of 1848. But economists, being human, are apt to make a case and to forget the other side of the shield; and there are, in fact, two kinds of public works—those that produce a revenue and those that do not. Even then there is sometimes a tendency to forget that revenues,

though invisible, may be real; the profit on drainage is none the less real because it is shown in public health tables, not in the ordinary accountancy figures.

Mr. Lloyd George, of course, knew all this when he put forward his reconstruction programme a year ago, and Mr. Thomas is equally aware of it in his present adversity. But Mr. Lloyd George thought too much in terms of roads, and Mr. Thomas in terms of railways. Both are necessary, but neither, as it happens, are directly productive.

Let us turn our attention to two other lines of national development. Some years ago our Dutch neighbours found it paid the State so well to drain an inland lake that they have now undertaken the stupendous task of reclaiming the Zuyder Zee. The work is already in progress; in twenty years, more or less, it will be finished, a new province will be added to Holland, and both the national wealth and population of the Netherlands will be increased.

If it pays Holland to do this there is no evident reason why it should not pay Britain; and, as it happens, we have a similar if smaller case in point at home. There is no reason that I know of why we should not undertake the same project in the draining of the Wash. Some of the work has, indeed, already been done; in past centuries, Ely and Peterborough were virtually islands, and King John is said to have lost his luggage on the very spot where the railway from King's Lynn to Spalding now runs.

Nature itself is lending a hand as the rivers bring down silt from the Fens. But Nature works very slowly—at the rate of a foot or so a year—and engineers could do more in a couple of decades than Nature will accomplish in a thousand centuries.

Two deeps—the Boston and the Ouse Channel—run down through the Wash. The rest is shallow, and ninety years ago the famous engineer Rennie estimated that 150,000 acres could be reclaimed. The area need not frighten us; the Zuyder Zee plans are intended to deal with half a million acres. And it should be added that, even in these days of agricultural depression, our own Fenland farmers make a living on lands that were once amphibian or lake. We need not fear, then, that the land reclaimed from the Wash would be either valueless or unoccupied.

There are, of course, many other schemes of national development—afforestation, coast erosion and Severn barrage—competing for attention. Something is actually being done in the matter of afforestation, and it need not, therefore, be dealt with here. Every sea-side resort has its own scheme of coastal protection, usually local and unscientific; but except in a few special cases the cost appears likely to be prohibitive and the return insufficient to justify expenditure. (The sea actually throws up more soil than it erodes; and even if we ignore the credit side, it has only eaten away a mile of coast-line on the open beach of Yorkshire since the days of Edward the Confessor. Much of the damage commonly attributed to the sea is really caused by rain.) The Severn Barrage scheme, on the other hand, appears to promise excellent results.

The drainage of the Wash, then, and the Severn Barrage seem proper matters for the State to tackle. Both would be more profitable in the long run than the Channel Tunnel, because both would be actually productive of national wealth instead of being merely a new distributing agency for international wealth.

These two schemes would not, of course, solve the unemployment problem. But they would employ a great amount of labour to a profitable end; and if Holland can finance schemes of this kind out of her resources, there is certainly no relevant reason why we should not do so out of a National Development Loan. Even during the present slump, people are still saving money, and a Loan of this kind would be far more likely to attract investors of every type than Mr. Lloyd George's proposals of last spring.

THE NEAR EASTERN TANGLE

BY SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

TO those who considered the Arabic-speaking peoples somewhat fluid and unsure about their nationalism, a note of warning might be sounded by the recent arrival of both the Egyptian and Palestine Delegations in this country. For the British Empire the solution of the problems of these regions has a deep significance; indeed, so grave are the issues involved that any blundering about them now would not only result in the overthrow of the present government, but might imperil the peace of the world.

Yet uneasiness is already being felt in certain quarters here regarding the reception of a Wafd delegation, the previous dealings of whose members with England have not been happy. But if Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, who leads his delegation in London, was deported to the Seychelles Islands in 1921 for his nationalism, the fact remains that his party has now the solid constitutional majority which Egypt had not enjoyed under any other for some considerable time. His predecessor, Mahmood, who ruled without a parliament, failed to prove that the voice of the dictator is the voice of the people.

Whether we like it or not, the truth is that the Wafdists have the unqualified support of their countrymen, which carries a sanction perhaps greater in strength than even that which brought Zaghlul Pasha to England some years ago. And the very fact that this alleged anti-British element has come to negotiate is in itself a good augury for the friendship of the two nations.

But large though the Egyptian question is, the present conditions in Palestine tend to dwarf it. The storm is stayed there only by the presence of the British troops. But it has long been clear to serious students of politics that there has been some miscarriage of British diplomacy in Palestine, as various pronouncements regarding it both during the war and after are hard to reconcile. In 1915 the British Government pledged itself to recognize the independence of the Arab countries, with the exclusion of Lebanon, where the French have special interests; three years later Lord Allenby reaffirmed the former declaration and added, "The object aimed at by France and Great Britain . . . is the complete and definite emancipation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of national governments deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous population." Only one year before this came the Balfour Declaration to make Palestine the national home for the Jews.

The Arabs, who form the overwhelming majority of about 93 per cent. of the population, contend that the immigration of Jews from Eastern Europe and Poland, in virtue of the Balfour Declaration, subjected the country to economic distress in spite of the stipulation that the immigrants should not exceed the capacity of the country to absorb them. Also, the lands owned mostly by non-Palestinians were all sold to the Jews, and the wealth of the country so to speak went out of the country; the Arab tenants were evicted with consequent hardships. Conditions also arose whereby the Arab landlords had to part with their lands to the Jewish emigrants. To these may be added concessions in the country of varying degrees, which it is pointed out were granted to those who did not belong to Palestine.

All these devices, the Arabs state, have been the servants of Zionist purpose; for it is made clear that the Arabs have no ill will against the Jews as Jews, but resent the rather aggressive attitude of the Eastern European and Polish Zionists, who have brought conflict, both political and economic, into the country; and

as a proof of it they point out that for the last thirteen centuries the peoples of Palestine have been living in perfect harmony, and hardly ever has there been any difficulty between the Arabs and the Jews till the Zionists provoked it.

Above all, one great consideration must dominate the minds of thinking people in England, which is that in the face of the grievances of the Arabs, where land eviction and political Zionism has been indicated, the only method by which Great Britain can maintain even a shadow of peace is by retaining a large permanent army. Would that melt the hearts of the warlike Arabs, or diminish the zeal of the Zionists sufficiently so that by the time the mandatory period is over you may leave such conflicting forces and hope for a peaceful Palestine? The solution clearly lies in the direction of a correct interpretation of the mandatory terms, a firm control of immigration and the removal of the land-acquiring system: and the time is now, while there is a lull in the storm; otherwise, though you might divine the future of the Arab question, you would certainly not be able to control it.

THE BOSWELL PAPERS—II

BY SHANE LESLIE

THIS must have been a scene second only in Boswell's career to meeting with Doctor Johnson. He must have amused Voltaire, who wrote to him in the following February, "You seem solicitous about that pretty thing called soul." He describes how Voltaire "sat erect upon his chair and simpered when he spoke. All I presented was the foolish face of wondering praise. Voltaire told him Scotch painting would never flourish. Nobody could paint with their feet cold."

The interview with Rousseau was recorded in French notes with an English commentary. They discussed theologians and the plan for Perpetual Peace devised by the Abbé de St. Pierre, who, according to Rousseau, kept mistresses and begat sons, none of whom he would permit to become wig-makers "for so long as Nature continues to supply us with hair, the profession of wig-making must always be full of uncertainty." From Rousseau Boswell extracted that at least he was a Christian, and from Voltaire that he believed in a Supreme Being. It was satisfying that throughout Boswell could record, "I was quite the gay and great man."

He left Rousseau with a sketch of his life, including his "melancholy apprehensions." Rousseau said, "I have read your Memoir. You have been gulled. You ought never to see a priest." To rouse religious discussion he had told Rousseau "how I had turned Roman Catholic and had intended to hide myself in a Convent in France." If this is true, it is a point which has been lost to biographers. However scrappy has been our knowledge of Boswell, we can now gather a more intimate knowledge of the man than of any person in the eighteenth century. Macaulay's crudely drawn caricature collapses for ever.

Rousseau was bothered with many visitors, each of whom believed he was the One. He made Boswell put his watch on the table and remain only a quarter of an hour. Boswell pleaded for twenty minutes with Rousseau and "notwithstanding the pain he was in, he was touched with my singular sally." They discussed cats. Rousseau asked, "Do you like cats?" Boswell answered "No." Rousseau replied, "It is my test of character. There you have the despotic instinct of men. They do not like cats because the cat is free and will never consent to become a slave."

Triumphant as the young Boswell was, we find him reproving himself: "At night I was too jocular.

There is a great difference between Intemperance of Mirth and a cheerful glass of Gladness." But he was determined to break himself of his Scotch Puritanism: "I was amused to see card playing on a Sunday at Geneva and a Minister rampaging amongst them. O John Calvin, where art thou now?"

It is his Journal in Italy which reveals him at the top of his animal spirits. No sooner was he carried over Mount Cenis by six men in a form of litter which he called "the Alps Machine," than he was attempting an intrigue. "I loved the idea of crossing this immense Mountain of a Sunday." He was shedding his Sabbatarian skin at last. In Turin he "went dirty to the Opera" and sent word to Wilkes, who happened to be there, though "as a Politician my Monarchical soul abhors him." Meantime, by way of calf love, he was trying "an oldish lady most proper as I should have an easy attack." But although he believed that Italian ladies were hardly moral agents, he failed in a series of prolonged attacks. Boswell the moralist was much surprised by Boswell the gallant. "When a man gives himself up to gross gallantry he must lose much of his delicacy of principle," he noted. He became madly in love with Countess Burgarella, but three calls on one afternoon led to no admittance. For one who boasted that he stood "upon the very pinnacle of punctilios" it once became a difficult pass to know whether to hand out a Marquise or an Ambassadors first, for he was "tost from one to the other as I did just what I was bid."

When he made his declaration to Madame Burgarella, she told him that Count Pignatelli was her lover but bade him call the next day at three. "I was so full of my next day's bliss that I sat up all night." At seven, alas, he received a letter forbidding him to come. No wonder that he turned to Madame St. Gille: "I thought to take her *en passant*," but humiliations were waiting him in every direction. It must have been by way of consolation that he solemnly recorded them. Needham, an English priest, consoled him by saying that "a man whose melancholy hurt his rational powers could hardly be accountable for his moral conduct." Madame St. Gille gave him sound advice to give up the trade of gallant and return to his studies. "This abominable woman spoke very true upon the whole. I have too much warmth to have the cunning necessary for a general commerce with the corrupted human race" was his sapient conclusion. However, his cure was radical. He found his *inamorata* with two of her swains. "She dressed before us, changing even her shirt." His temporary passion was cured entirely. Nevertheless, as he contemplated his sentiments, he groaned, "O Rousseau, how am I fallen since I was with thee"! He left for Milan unconsoled even by watching the execution of a thief, "thinking that the feelings of horror might destroy those of chagrin." At Placentia he asked for the gates to be opened at three in the morning and found in the Commander, an Irishman, "a good, jolly, sensible man" who must have been the opposite of Boswell, for the Scotchman wavered between the gloomy and the sentimental. In Siena he was submerged in another passionate affair of which his love letters in French survive to adorn another volume.

These were the letters to Porzia Sansedoni, which she returned to her unwanted adorer. But there were other targets in the offing. It appears that "Boswell, in the space of a fortnight, opened fire on all three Countesses." He intrigued with the primary motive of learning the world better and, if he was trying to paint in the colours of his juvenile character, he was painting himself as a chameleon paints itself. "He was pedantic in Holland, princely in Germany, philosophic in Switzerland and amorous in Italy."

But the Papers reveal another side to the House of Auchinleck's dossier. While Boswell was writing impassionately to Porzia, Lord Auchinleck was writing to his son with surprise and anger at his letter home.

"I found it was from Siena. And you tell me you were to stay there three weeks or a month and this in order to learn the Italian language," which, in his opinion, "in this country is no better than Arabick." No wonder Boswell described his father in a letter to his friend Mallet: "He is a healthy, sound, hard-working man who has never experienced one moment of hypochondria and who regards the complaints of men like us as so much affectation. Conceive then what hours are in store for me."

These are only straws from the rich bundle which the long secretiveness of the Boswell family, the munificence of an American collector and the scholarship of an Englishman, who has literally given his life to the making, have combined to present to a world more avid of Boswell than even Boswell was of that world.

ARE WE BECOMING MENTALLY TIMID?

By JOHN SHAILER

SOMETIMES I think we are becoming, as a nation, mentally timid. The chief indication of this seems to lie in the fact that men find it difficult to change their minds. We hang on with fatalistic despair to old shibboleths and formulæ that have long lost their potency.

But if democracy is to survive and manage its affairs satisfactorily it must develop a new habit—the habit of changing its mind. The most vital necessity to-day is a willingness to present a new attitude towards the problems that call for solution. A clean-up of our mental furniture, as well as of our tables and chairs, would be a good thing for us. Although there may be a slight danger of some people being light-headed after the clean-up, most persons will be light-hearted, any anything calculated to lighten our hearts should be encouraged.

Many of our mental habits are artificial, out-of-date, and even archaic. With an almost incurable habit of imitation we have adopted and carried on the ideas of our forefathers, so that to-day we are often innocently and unconsciously applying Victorian and pre-Victorian standards, and we wonder why they do not fit into the modern scheme.

Because certain principles under old conditions have worked for a few generations is no reason why we should, in entirely changed and new conditions, go on obstinately applying them. Being timid and conservative, we are slow to reconstruct our ideas. But a clean-up is necessary, and reconstruction inevitable, if we are to continue masters of our fate.

Such trifles as mass production and taxation look like getting the better of us if we do not clear our minds of prejudice and cant. Many of our convictions are merely prejudices, and it is simply prejudice that makes us close our minds to the possibility of new principles and methods, and the reconstruction of a new world upon the foundation of the old.

It is impossible for us to solve some modern problems, that have arisen under scientific industrialism, by the mental processes of the Middle Ages or the blind superstition of the early nineteenth century. The application of the scientific method having successfully changed our knowledge of the natural world around us, why should we not apply it to our minds and human institutions?

The conditions of life are changing so rapidly under modern science that our mental capacities should be assisted to adjust themselves to the changed needs. It really looks as though we must be born again spiritually, or at least reshaped. For

are we not still victims of prejudice and fear? We seem to think and act as though the only way to survive is for us to take advantage of one another's ignorance, and snatch profit from our neighbour's agony.

We rely partly on an archaic individualism, and partly on helpless committees in perpetual session. But we are coming to a stage in social evolution when we shall have to ask ourselves whether, in a world where space and time are being reconsidered, the purpose of life may not be remodelled according to the new enlightenment.

The economic issue has been the most vital one, and has involved the bitterest contention. But readjustment is overdue, and with a change of mind a new economic world will emerge.

I do not mean anything suddenly subversive; but it is idle to pretend all is well with our theory and practice. All is not well when fishermen can spend eighteen hours risking life and gear to receive one penny per pound for a cargo of fish that is sold to the consumer at eightpence per pound.

Do we really want organization? If so, then we must cease depending upon this ancient "diddle my neighbour" practice.

If the Empire is one, then surely we must be wrong when we complacently allow the products of foreign mass production to be dumped here, and displace our capital and labour, and when foreign agricultural produce is admitted to further the ruin of our farmers. I have just read that an equivalent of all the Nottingham production of artificial silk stockings was dumped on that town by foreign producers last year. What folly!

But here I give a word of warning. In my opinion no system of Government will survive that fails to limit the power and influence of rings, trusts, groups and large agglomerations of vested interests, over the consumer. This will always be the acid test of all new leaders and systems.

Again, the failure to organize settlement overseas on a sound and comprehensive basis, while we maintain a million and a half unemployed, is a standing disgrace to the Empire as a whole.

I ask again, do we really want organization?

The theories of autocratic capital and democratic government are on trial. They must hurry up and adjust their outlook to the needs of the day before it is too late.

The traditional ideas and methods have had a good post-war run. They have failed to create the new world of which men dream and for which they long. One reason, undoubtedly, is that the pre-war leaders have remained in the saddle. Pre-war methods have been applied to post-war problems, and we have not yet really opened our minds and adopted a new attitude towards life.

Creative imagination is the most liberating force we have. Translated into action it is our strongest hope, and the first step is to open our minds with courage and a sure faith in ourselves and not be too timid to change our minds.

IN DEFENCE OF EGOISTS

By J. P. DU PARCQ

EGOISM, although the food of fools, is but a husk within the belly of the wise. It is the most ignominious form of necromancy. By its aid Caliban believes himself to be transformed into Ariel, and is, therefore, angered by the incredulity of the multitude.

We, who see this sight for ever before us, smile in ignorance of the truth. The predispositions of

human nature make it difficult for us to understand that we are all the idolaters of self. Strengthened by our very weakness we make a fanaticism of our subjective values, and pore laboriously upon the narrow art of introspection.

It is thus that we die: gods to ourselves, but to others men of such common clay that they can scarce discern a spark of divinity within us. So unhappy a place do we occupy within their minds that they esteem us too low for praise and too high for pity. If they stoop to notice us at all, it is but to blame us for our inherent defects. They are at all times unaware that he who blindly condemns another is no less an egoist than the one he condemns; for only a callous egoism would embolden us to sit in judgment upon mankind. Whenever we allow ourselves to undertake such a fool's task, it is because we are ignorant that we are at best but ill-fitted for the performance of it; and, because of this, we so centre upon the imperfections of others that in our unwisdom we allow ourselves to be diverted from the sight of our own frailties. While in such a state of egotistical intoxication there is no length at which our folly will stop. We even find ourselves able to explain our vices in terms of virtue, and thus show the world that an insatiable egoism surmounts all barriers. In the end we become so steeped in a false sense of self-glory that we make a conceit of being modest.

It is, therefore, impossible to avoid the conclusion that egoism is an incurable disease common to all of us, and that those who appear to be free from it have but cured its symptoms. Does not spiritual pride lie behind our most splendid achievements? Are they not inspired by a sublime faith that can never be wholly demonstrated by earthly experience?

Yes! All these apparently irreconcilable things for ever taunt the reason into doubt, and make man unable to discriminate between the truth of time and the truth of eternity. Life is a paradox to the mind and a truism to the senses. Feeling cannot but accept the reality of both pleasure and pain, and the soul cannot but rebel against the thought that things should be as they seem.

This eternal shadow of the unknowable for ever enshrouds us; for, no matter from what standpoint we approach a problem, the evidence in support of our position is never as great as it seems, and gains its delusive force from the circumstantial peculiarities of human nature. What is right for one may be wrong for another; and the truth of one is not necessarily the truth of all. Spiritual pride may, therefore, be a pharisaical vice, or it may arise from man's interior consciousness of the knowledge he cannot prove. In many it is an awareness of divinity no less than a confession of physical limitations. The goal that the true idealist sets before himself lies for ever within the boundless confines of infinity. Man may never reach the star towards which he aspires in eloquent silences; but, in his eternal wrestlings with the strangle-hold enemy of the flesh, he gives us a glorious proof that even now this mortal may put on immortality, and that all true success in life is a kind of splendid failure.

To deny these truths is to deny the fluid myriad-mindedness of thought. All things are relative. Even the ultimate is relative to the infinite; and if this relation does not admit of variableness it is only because it is all-embracing. It is man's limitations of knowledge that, whenever they are overcome, constitute for him what is known as progress. In this sense progress is not so much a development of life as an unfolding of it; and the manner in which this unfolding is made known to us wears an air of contradiction only because of our incapacity to embrace the whole of experience, or even to form a true correlation of the facts that are known to us. Because of this, we are unable to understand

that whosoever would find his life must lose it; that he who would escape from himself must first find himself; that in simplicity lie the most subtle and profound differences; and that the more we develop ourselves in conformity with a type the more highly individualized do we become.

Difficulties such as these are insoluble to the human mind, and help to debase our judgment of others. If this were not so we would more easily learn to understand the splendid vices of the egoist, which are often but a form of undisciplined and disproportionate virtue. Generosity does not cease to be generosity because it assumes a pose of vulgar ostentation by which it robs itself of its credit; and, if the truth were known, the egoist has often been the greatest benefactor of mankind. How sorry a fellow is he who does not possess a noble conceit of himself! Mankind would reach the golden age if we did but proclaim ourselves gods and did but act as though we believed it. The unpardonable sin is to be an egoist without an ego.

Egoism helps to give life a meaning for us; and, if it be but a husk in itself, it can be filled with spiritual substance and made a food worthy of our divine nature. It can lead us to heaven no less than to hell, and can raise us when we would stoop. "Doth any man doubt," asks Bacon, "that if there were taken out of Mens Minder Vaine Opinions, Flattering Hopes, False valuations, Imaginations as one would, and the like; but it would leave the Minder, of a Number of Men, poore shrunken things; full of Melancholy, and Indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?"

No! Reason will not allow us to doubt this, but makes us feel that we could ill spare our egoism. When we are honest, we know too well that in it we find a satisfying escape from ourselves and from others. If it is sometimes an evil, it often saves us from a greater evil; for it can be the starting-point of spiritual development, whereby we end by being what we once merely thought ourselves to be.

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE

By J. B. STERNDALÉ BENNETT

TO those who hate piano tuners as I do, for as disturbers of the peace they rank even before window cleaners, I must plead my only excuse, that this story is true. The writer in his search for truth must, if the occasion demands, seek it even in a wearisome cacophony. It is therefore, because a particular professor, recently encountered, did through the cheerfulness of his own mind throw into a deeper relief the abominable nature of his task, that I make my hero a pianoforte tuner.

Romney Marsh remains the fifth and most isolated quarter of the globe, where the advent of a stranger is still a matter for comment and of suspicion. It is a district of small hamlets built in the days when beer and Christianity were more closely allied, for they all centre round a church and an inn, the chief festival at which was, as the parish records tell us, the annual meeting of the Church Council. In these parts the churches sometimes ape cathedrals, for the monks of St. Augustine believed in building to the glory of God without counting the number of their parishioners. The villages, as far as one can tell, were never larger than they are to-day, but the brewers (being mercenary fellows) built their houses very cheaply to be of just sufficient room for their congregation. So in the district of Romney Marsh you have always a large church

and a small inn—and it was in such a small one that I met "Oppy," the tuner of pianofortes.

Of window cleaners and of piano tuners something can most certainly be said. Nobody deliberately engages either one or the other. But they arrive, at the moments when they are most unwanted, the one to swab his damp leather down your study window, the other to disturb you with his ridiculous arpeggios and his noisy attempts to obtain the consonance of two notes. I am not blessed with any ear for music, but I am acutely sensitive to musical sounds, and the tuner's thrumming is to me a torture beyond despair.

Of the two, on the whole, I prefer the window cleaner. He and his mate arrive with their ladders and their buckets and have, at least, the moral courage to announce, in person, that they are going to destroy all peace of mind and all possibility of work, for at least an hour. It occurs to me that in the squeaking of their wet leather against the window panes, they, too, produce a sound most offensive to a delicate ear.

But the tuner does not even ask to be employed. He belongs to the one privileged profession which obtains employment wherever it demands it. "Mr. Jenkins," he says, on a formal postcard, "will call to tune the pianoforte to-morrow morning at 9.30 precisely." He neither gives nor offers the smallest chance to you of postponing his visit—and almost before you have wiped away the remnants of your breakfast egg from your lips, he is established in your drawing room beginning to make those dreary noises which are to last half the morning. He has ripped your beloved instrument to bits—and nothing, in the way of mechanism, looks so utterly naked as an overstrung, upright grand, without its stomacher.

Having, as it were, removed the poor thing's defences, he assaults its keys with bravura chords, known only to those trained to the science of tuning, and then proceeds, with something resembling a corkscrew, to exacerbate every string. The true extent of his effrontery can only be realized by imagining his methods to be employed in any other trade. Your butcher might equally well send you a message: "Mr. Bones will deliver you a joint of the worst end of a neck of mutton to-morrow at 8.30 a.m. (Greenwich Mean Time.)" Inevitably you would have Irish stew for luncheon.

But on Romney Marsh we do things differently. At least so it seemed to me when I arrived at that little inn and made my way through an aromatic haze of hops and shag, to the counter to be told, "Oppy's come to tune the piano."

Here, if readers were more patient, there should be two footnotes, but they are as well included in the text. One is to the effect that it was Saturday afternoon and therefore the bar-parlour was unusually full. The other is that "Oppy" is affectionately called "Oppy" because he hops about on one leg, having buried the other one in Flanders, at the thought of which he still swears terribly.

But on the piano-stool it is quite unnoticeable and in our inquisitive way we gathered round him to listen to the drum-drum of his tuning, to watch him manipulating his corkscrew and his tuning fork, until quite suddenly he struck the key-note of George's song. George is a comparative youngster in our parts. His song is 'Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do.' "Oppy" is an accomplished accompanist, so after a few more "drums," the party being so affable, he said "Anyone else oblige with a song?" Harry came and whispered something in his ear and in a moment we had 'At Trinity Church I met my doom,' and we joined in the chorus as lustily as we could. Then the old man from the Outlands obliged with 'Her golden hair was hanging down her back.' After we had sung this, a very young man "gave us" (as they say in musical circles) 'Good-bye, Dolly Grey.'

That is the way to tune pianos.

THE THEATRE

"I COULD GRIEVE A LITTLE..."

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Socrates. By Clifford Bax. 300 Club.
Cochran's 1930 Revue. London Pavilion.

OF the speech of Socrates in the Symposium, Mr. Clifford Bax, speaking through the mouth of Aristophanes, remarks: "I could grieve a little that so few persons will ever know how lovely it was"; and he is right. And the same may be said of the play which Mr. Bax has managed to construct out of the Dialogues. For 'Socrates' is unlikely to tempt the managers of our commercial theatre; and those who were present at the 300 Club's production are probably the only persons who will ever know how lovely was, at any rate, a great deal of the acted play. Still, it has been published in attractive form by Messrs. Gollancz; and a great though lesser delight can be derived by those who with imagination read this printed version.

The dialogue of 'Socrates' is very largely the Dialogues of Plato, brilliantly translated by Mr. Bax, who has added little scenes to link the major episodes together, and sometimes changed an unimportant name in order to create dramatic continuity. The result is no mere dialectical biography, but quite definitely a "play" within the ordinary meaning of that word, which might almost be called a "well-made" play, so cunningly has Mr. Bax selected his material, and so skilfully has he adapted and arranged it. There are six scenes, of which the first is introductory, showing us Agathon, a young playwright, being hauled over the coals by his conservative father for associating with that "poisonous fellow" Socrates—a man who "encourages you boys to question everything"; who tries to shatter "all the beliefs in which you were brought up"—in short, the sort of man whose teaching "the authorities" invariably find inconvenient, and whom, if an opportunity presents itself, they prosecute in self-defence. But Agathon is too devoted a disciple to yield to this appeal of parental authority, and immediately invites the aged Socrates to a small party he proposes giving after the performance of his prize-play. Socrates accepts; and this brings us naturally to the Symposium, which forms the second and, for part of it, the least successful of the episodes. For, in Mr. Bax's version, we are given what is almost a travesty of the earlier speeches in praise of Love; even Aristophanes, in place of the famous parable which Plato attributes to him, offers a mere drunken jest. It is arguable, of course, that the Symposium deals very largely with a problem which, however eternally contemporary, is not always publicly discussable; and that not even the 300 Club would tolerate an unbawdlerized Symposium. But, alas, the substituted speeches are not only undramatic, but uninteresting; so that we wait with a growing impatience for the turn of Socrates himself. (This is partly due to the quite perfect realization of the rôle by Mr. Lewis Casson. For one thing, the make-up was remarkably convincing, though this was probably no more than many character-part actors could have achieved; it was the whole personality, especially the voice, that seemed so exactly right.) The latter portions of the Bax Symposium are as satisfactory as the earlier are disappointing; for he gives us a cleverly abbreviated and simplified version of the Platonic speech of Socrates, and follows it with an admirable translation of Alcibiades's famous eulogy of Socrates (finely delivered by Mr. Nigel Clarke).

Scene III is laid in the courtyard of the home of Socrates, and we see how hard is the lot of the

philosopher's wife. Their dinner is waiting, but Xantippe calls to him in vain. "I would much rather talk than eat," he tells her, and proceeds to satisfy this preference. At the end of this scene we are given a momentary glimpse of the human being that lies hidden within the philosopher. Xantippe, irritated beyond endurance (as Miss Dorothy Massingham well conveys) by her husband's undomesticated habits, empties a jug of water over him. With dignity, but with marital authority, he orders her to "go indoors!" Xantippe hesitates, surprised and a little frightened by this unfamiliar sternness. "At once!" he commands her; his time there is no question that he means to be obeyed, and she goes.

Meanwhile, however, he has been trapped by his enemies into making indiscreet remarks about the government and orthodox religion; and the sequel to them occupies the rest of the play, in which Socrates is summoned, tried and executed on a formal charge of atheism and corrupting the youth of Athens. Now, I have seen it argued that a sentence of death would never have been passed upon so merely inconvenient a person as the Socrates of Mr. Bax's play. These critics forget that, after the prosecution had, more or less formally, proposed that obviously excessive penalty, Socrates—instead of making a reasonable counter-proposal, such as exile—first indulged in an insolent flippancy, and then suggested a comparatively small fine. That his judges, forced to choose either the prosecution's too severe proposal or the prisoner's frivolously inadequate suggestion, decided on the former, was (I venture to suggest) inevitable.

Mr. Bax's trial-scene is simply the Apology, discreetly shortened and very slightly dramatized, and ending with a really memorable phrase. Socrates, speaking of those who have condemned him, says: "I am not angry with them. They have done me no harm—though I realize they did not mean to do me any good. And for that I gently blame them." *Μεμφερσθαι* may contain no justification for that "gently," but the context warrants, and, indeed, demands it, though we realize this only after Mr. Bax has had the genius to perceive it and the boldness to insert it. Last scene of all, the death of Socrates—a scene provided ready-made by Plato in the *Phædrus*—a beautiful and very moving and essentially dramatic scene, beautifully translated and most movingly produced and acted.

One cannot grumble if, out of the thirty scenes which make up 'Cochran's 1930 Revue,' some are quite bad, many are merely "quite good," and only a few are really delightful. But I don't think there can be any question that this latest of Pavilion shows is a great deal less distinguished than some of its predecessors. For one thing, the "stars," with the exception of Miss Maisie Gay, are competent rather than brilliant, and competence is not enough at the Pavilion. And the "book" contains too many items reminiscent of other revues—Piccadilly Circus, with the inevitable flower-seller, inevitably Maisie Gay; the familiar recitation of "If," as So-and-so would render it; the burlesque Highbrow play, *et cetera*. There were too many commonplace songs and commonplace dances, and too much Ada-May for those who share my horror of baby-voiced Americans lisping sophistication. Still, there were good things. The opening burlesque on American Talkies was amusing. 'In a Venetian Theatre,' a ballet of arms, was a delightful novelty. There was one original and interesting ballet, 'Luna Park.' There was a neatly written satire on newspaper reporting, and a finely executed satire on the behaviour of audiences. And to finish up with, there was a brilliant solo by Jack Powell with a pair of drumsticks. Not, on the whole, a very good revue; but even less a very bad one.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—214

SET BY THE EDITOR

A. In an unusually hot summer, Lord Ashfield is disturbed by the discovery that the London public prefer his omnibuses to his tubes. In order to persuade them to see the error of their ways, he asks Mr. G. K. Chesterton to demonstrate in the well-known Chestertonian manner that the sun shines more brightly on the Underground Railway than on the best of the General omnibuses. Mr. Chesterton is unfortunately engaged in describing 'The Inconsequence of Father Brown,' and declines the task. The SATURDAY REVIEW, therefore, steps in and offers a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than 250 words in the Chestertonian style, demonstrating the superiority of the tubes.

B. A bank manager is asked by a charming young lady for an increase in her overdraft. Unfortunately, her face is her fortune, and bank directors, being without romance, are not enamoured of this type of security. The bank manager, however, being enamoured of the lady, thinks the ordinary form of refusal would prejudice his aspiration for her hand; and, being an ardent Tennysonian, composes a short poem in the manner of the laureate, beginning 'Ask me no more.' The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the two best short lyrics of this kind.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 214A or LITERARY 214B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, April 14. The results will be announced in the issue of April 19.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 212

SET BY HAROLD STANNARD

A. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best message of congratulation, not exceeding 250 words in length, from a person of eminence in his time and place to the proprietor of a weekly journal which has succeeded in carrying on after the abrupt departure of its staff.

B. We offer a Prize of One Guinea for a rendering into verse after the Kipling style and manner of the following passage from Conrad's 'Youth': "There was no break in the weather. The sea was white like a sheet of foam, like a cauldron of boiling milk; there was not a break in the clouds—no, not the size of a man's hand—no, not for so much as ten seconds. There was for us no sky, there were for us no stars, no sun, no universe—nothing but angry clouds and an infuriated sea. We pumped watch and watch, for dear life; and it seemed to last for months, for years,

for all eternity, as though we had been dead and gone to a hell for sailors. I had moments of exultation. Whenever the old dismantled craft pitched heavily with her counter high in the air, she seemed to me to throw me up, like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: 'Judaea, London. Do or Die.'"

REPORT FROM MR. STANNARD

212A. Of course it is all my fault. I am beginning to sympathize with politicians who say that their meaning has been understood and perhaps I deserve some sympathy because, at any rate, I intended to be clear. When I asked for a message of congratulation from a person of eminence I meant competitors to choose a person of eminence and concoct a message in character. About a fifth of the competitors, however, have assumed the tone of a person who was eminent and knew it, and have sent in little letters of discerning but archiepiscopally condescending patronage signed An Old Reader, or not signed at all. Two competitors, on the other hand, bettered my intention by inventing their eminent personages. One of them, Hope, very happily catches the style of an early nineteenth-century Quaker man of business. The other, Bébé, adopts the personality of Professor Quillman, holder of a Chair of English Literature at an unnamed British University. This distinguished scholar addresses the editor in terms of what reporters call old-world courtesy. He addresses his message to Lord Rothbrook, which is, perhaps, a little unkind and, I think, a little unfair. Lord Rothbrook would have a supplementary staff whose members would have brought the paper out without letting the public know anything about the departure of their predecessors.

Of the competitors who rightly apprehended my meaning, a good many failed because their messages were not in character. I doubt, for example, whether a severe criticism of the SATURDAY's first issue after the mishap gained any point from the signature Nelson; still, I have passed it on to the Editor in the hope that it may do him good. Suffolk made a good choice in sending in a message from the Duke of Wellington. "Carrying on" is just what the Duke would have appreciated, but I fancy that he would have expressed his appreciation in far fewer than 250 words. "F. E." (whose message, by a strange collocation of initials, bears the pseudonym W. G.) is another good choice; but would he have written "I hesitate to refer to my own career"? If I were the Editor I could hardly have helped awarding the prize to Mr. F. Stephenson, who, as Topsy, M.P., addresses him as "Dear old Thing," is sure that his "poor, sweet hair must have greyed," and tells him that his paper is just too "marvellously superhuman." I award the first prize to Mr. Walter Harrison, whose message is admirable in character. Pibwob, as Wilkins Micawber, gets second place. I think his text a bit overdone, but the final "Yours faithfully" is painfully weak. However, I have called the cashier's attention to his postscript and look forward to receiving his letter of thanks.

FIRST PRIZE

Will's Coffeehouse,
Mch. 15th

Dear Sir,

That you have a fellow scrivener's felicitations upon the coming out of your Paper will no more surprise you than my acquainting you with its hearty acceptance by all good friends of my Ld. B., and the Common Weal. I assure you no man could say more in praise of you than the Company at dinner this night, when the talk was of your present, and my past travail in this kind, whenas I subscribed myself Isaac Bicker-

staffe, in the *Tatler*. I have known when, by reason of my dear Prue's exigencies, the absence of Mr. Addison, and the press of State Affairs, I have by messenger entreated the kind offices of Dr. Swift or Mr. Defoe, and, wanting these, been constrained to search the coffeehouses for Mr. Yalden or e'er the paper could be writ. Yet it was writ. As for this Saturday's SATURDAY—the quip of one of our company—I hear it is generally spoke of kindly, and I take it rather to have obliged than surpris'd—which is what all good men wou' chuse. It may be worth your Thought to eschew the Hint of one Gibbs, whose letter is honoured by inclusion in your paper. The noble Emulation of Poetry must surely outweigh the vexatious puerility of "Passage-Hunting contests." Be that as it may, I know not but you will find by the inclos'd draft the effect your successful fortitude has had upon

Yours faithfully,

Rich. Steele.
WALTER HARRISON

SECOND PRIZE

Though a stranger to fame and to you, a melancholy eminence in adversity and sympathetic tears for one who has been run over by Fortune's madding wheel, impel the ill-fated undersigned to avail himself of the invitation extended by your septidian Periodical.

For we are fellow-sufferers on the altar of embarrassment and together have felt the titillation of the sacrificial knife on our jugular epidermis. During a chequered existence it has been my lot to endure the evasion of many who manifested every indication of becoming a staff, only to prove a broken reed. Like yourself, I have refused to allow the eclipse of their departure to darken the luminary of determination. The motto of the Micawbers, as that of the honoured name you bear (which, I regret, has for the moment escaped my memory), is *Nil Desperandum*! The congratulations of one who has drained Fate's bitter draughts to the dregs are offered to a fellow-guest at Life's kaleidoscopic banquet.

Yours faithfully,

Wilkins Micawber

P.S.—It is, I trust, unnecessary to observe that I am actuated by no considerations of pecuniary emolument in inditing this epistle; yet the pen of Truth compels the admission that, owing to the manoeuvres of a snake in the grass which had wormed itself into my bosom, a harvest of triumphant laurels would blossom like the Rose of Sharon; in short, two guineas would come in very useful. Please remit by postal order, *not by cheque*.

W. M.
PIBWOB

212B. This was a difficult competition. The problem was to become Kipling without ceasing to be Conrad—not at all an easy business. I chose the passage because I thought that the opportunities which it offered of combining the Cockney and the Messianic manner of the Master might tempt irreverent minds. However, most of the entrants Conradized. They sent in quite excellent verses, very near the original—I had had no idea that the poet in Conrad was so close to the surface—but not at all suggestive of Kipling. To my ear, for example, the following rather recalls Coleridge:

Dead and forgotten in a hell
For deep-sea sailormen we lay;
No sun, no stars, by which to tell
The dusk from dawning of the day.

Here, again, is something more suggestive of Sir Henry Newbolt than of Kipling, though it might, indeed, be pleaded that it is impossible to parody Kipling without suggesting Sir Henry Newbolt:

Days and hours are a smug clerk's lie—
("It's hell for sailors!" the seagulls cry)
Our strenuous minute's a landsman's year.
Our hands are bloody, our eyes are bleary,
But God! How we swing at the clanking gear!
("Judæa, London. Do or die.")

The Kiplingizers, on the other hand, did not trouble much about their Conrad. I was, however, a little surprised to come upon four lines on the Grand National, until a reference to the next issue made it clear that their author had got away before the pistol was fired. The prize is awarded to N. B., with Una Cheverton as a close second.

FIRST PRIZE

*A woman in 'er tantrums;
A driftin' ship at sea:
Just ask any sailorman
What blinkin' good they be!*

Twenty in a crazy craft,
Pumpin' for their lives;
All of them with sweet'earts;
Some of them with wives;
And around the sea like milk
In a blinkin' churn—
So we stuck it—watch and watch—
No man missed 'is turn!
—Didn't seem to be no sky,
Sun or stars or earth—
While them clouds kep' frownin'
What was pumpin' worth?
But we played the silly game
Months and years, ah me!
Like that silly ballad;
'For All Eternity.'
Felt like we was down and out,
Gone to bits—and then
Passed into the special 'ell
Kep' for sailormen!
But I didn't worry much—
I was just a boy—
All that rotten pumpin'
Made me kind of joy.
But, Gawd, to see old Judy
'Eav' 'er counter 'igh—
And written on 'er blarsted stern,
"Judæa—Do or Die."

N. B.

COMMENDED

The sea was white like a bladder of lard, like a
cauldron of invalid soup,
And never a rift in the rude sky-wrack, not the size
of a chicken coop;
The skipper bit on a dirty word, and spat on a
scuttling rat,
We had had no world, but only clouds, and dam' black
clouds at that.
Watch by watch we pumped and sweated every
mother's son,
It seemed to last for months and years, as if the
world was done.
Burst and gutted out ages back; and we in the pitch
and swell
And stench and grip of the mad tide-rip of some
bloomin' Sailor's Hell!
I had moments of exultation, boys, when that reeking
rudderless craft
Would pitch her down till the back-drift brown would
clot in her rigging aft;
She tossed me high like a battle-cry to that dour,
devilish sky,
And clear on her stern the words—"Judæa—London!
Do or Die!"

UNA CHEVERTON

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

LORD BALFOUR AND CHURCH AND STATE
SIR,—In the various references to the late Lord Balfour I have not seen mentioned that his contribution to public life included serving upon the Archbishops' Committee on the Relations of Church and State from 1914 to 1916. It will be of interest to students of Church and State, if they do not already know the fact, to have it now recalled that Lord Balfour signed the Report of the Committee above mentioned, which recommended legal recognition of the Church of England Assembly.

I am, etc.,

25 Victoria Street, S.W.1

E. A. GILCHRIST

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

SIR,—As a fairly regular competitor for the last three years, may I support the criticism made by Mr. Archibald Gibbs and suggest that the competitions will have a wider appeal and be of interest to the generality of your readers if you select a topical subject each week and invite (a) a comment thereon in prose or verse within set limits and (b) a quotation (prose or verse) applicable to it.

I am, etc.,

COMPETITOR

SIR,—May I protest against the proposal of Mr. Gibbs? I would ask him what he means by "those judged competitions which are not in accordance with your best traditions." Some of the competitions may be absurd, but they are always good mental exercise. Let Mr. Gibbs try.

I have no objection to essays on social problems, but we get such from every leader-writer in the daily Press. They are also proposed by other weeklies, whereas the competitions in the SATURDAY REVIEW are unique.

Passage-hunting or word-guessing contests, mere mechanical effort, are only one degree higher than crossword puzzles. Is Mr. Gibbs unaware that you have an Acrostic page?

The entries that we see prove that the competitions call forth considerable mental alertness, and many of them are of very high merit.

I am, etc.,

"NULLUS"

25 Stuart Road,
Acton, W.3

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—I gladly answer your question—whether an innocent man has ever been hanged.

Jonathan Bradford, landlord of the King's Head, Banbury, despite his protestations of innocence, was hanged for the murder of his wealthy guest, Mr. Hayes. He fully intended to kill him and was seized knife in hand. But years later, on his deathbed, Johns, the boots, confessed. Bradford's remains were then given decent burial.

A far worse case occurred in 1660. On August 16, a man named Harrison, steward to Lady Campden, went from Chitting Camden to Charringworth, a neighbouring village, to receive some rents. He did not return and a servant was sent to look for him. A hat and comb belonging to him were found stained with blood. On this, the servant himself was arrested for murder, and he, to save himself, made a most circumstantial confession implicating his own mother

and brother. All three were hanged, yet a few years later Harrison turned up safe and sound. He had been kidnapped and carried away to sea and was on his way to Bristol when it was "proved" that the murder was committed. Now a body must be produced.

I am, etc.,

111 Packington Street,
Islington, N.1

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

"CONSERVATIVE" OR "UNIONIST" PARTY?

SIR,—I contend that to describe the Conservative Party as the "Unionist Party" is historically wrong and a gross misnomer. Originally the Liberal Unionists were members of the Liberal Party, such as Lord Hartington, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, etc., who supported the union between England and Ireland and refused to support, but contrariwise hotly opposed, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills. When the union became dissolved the term Unionists as applied to the Conservative Party (in which the Liberal Unionists had become merged) lost its meaning.

The name Conservative is an honoured one, and connotes the preservation of all that is worthy in Church and State.

I am, etc.,

Burgess Hill,
Sussex

J. P. BACON PHILLIPS

LORD SALISBURY'S LETTER

SIR,—You are not quite fair in your criticism of Lord Salisbury's letter when you say that he "still carries the Hatfield Free Trade flag in defiance of the Baldwin-Beaverbrook pact."

Personally, full-blooded Protectionist as I am, I consider Lord Salisbury's proposals are the most statesmanlike contribution as yet put forward towards a solution of the stagnation in our trade and industry, and of the tragedy of unemployment which has now reached such huge dimensions.

It is not true, as has been stated, that Lord Salisbury opposes the policy of Free Trade within the Empire. On the contrary, he frankly states that he is no "Cobdenite," and "if we can promote industrial confidence by an extension of Safeguarding, by all means let us lose no time in setting about it." He urges that "social reform," with all its extravagant expenditure, must be postponed; and, having got "out of the rut of industrial stagnation," he sees no reason why "we should not also pursue the long view policy, the evolution of imperial fiscal consideration," which he considers "to be perfectly sound."

But Lord Beaverbrook's much desired policy will not be achieved by means of a referendum, and the wonder is that he should have allowed himself to be diddled by Mr. Baldwin by such a delusion. It was an easy way for Mr. Baldwin to extricate himself from an awkward position, but he knew full well when accepting Lord Beaverbrook's suggestion of a referendum that it was an abortive one, and would never be put to the test.

It would be a sorry day for this country if ever so bastard an appendage to our constitution was enacted, for, as Lord (then Mr.) Asquith so truly said at Wolverhampton on December 1, 1910:

Once engraft the Referendum on our Constitution as part and parcel of its normal working machinery, you impair, and in time you will destroy, the whole sense of responsibility, both of Ministers and of Members of the House of Commons—which is the salt and salvation of our political life.

I am, etc.,

Arthog, Hawthorn Road,
Wallington, Surrey

ERNEST JAMES

NOVELS

The Woman of Andros. By Thornton Wilder. Longmans. 6s.

WHEN Mr. Thornton Wilder published 'The Bridge of San Luis R y' he had an unprecedented, but admittedly deserved, success. On the strength of that success he presented us a little later with an earlier written work, 'The Cabala.' But the moment was ill-chosen and the book was unsuccessful. It may well be, now, that "the angel that troubled the waters" has departed to its own particular cloud leaving the waters smooth and reflecting once again that pure beauty for which Mr. Wilder was so much admired. For beauty is the key-note of this new novel, 'The Woman of Andros.' From the very beginning—and what a perfect beginning it is!—we are absorbed into an atmosphere of Grecian beauty. To most of us, the glory that was Greece is ours only from school books. When Chrysis went to live at Andros on the island of Brynos in the  gean, it was still a vivid memory in the minds of the elder Brynians. The world—their world—was quietly marking time between the glory that was past and the glory yet to come; meanwhile, the people lived soberly and brought their children up in the splendid traditions of the old Olympic athletes. But, quite naturally, too much training and the restrictions of family life proved irksome to the high spirits of the younger generation and they welcomed the banquets and pseudo-intellectual company of Chrysis, hetira or courtesan.

Chrysis is Mr. Wilder's heroine. She is an interesting lady but, unfortunately, Mr. Wilder does not make the best of her. Most of the time she does the sort of things one expects her to do; even her love for Pamphilus, the shy hero of the tale, is pre-ordained. But when Pamphilus, with unexpected independence, falls in love with Glycerium, Chrysis's sister, we become really interested. Here is a situation ingeniously planned and with vast possibilities. One can imagine all sorts of solutions. Happy endings in which father and son are reunited to the baffled rage of the heroine; unhappy endings in which Pamphilus or Chrysis, or both, fling themselves over the Brynian cliffs into the wind-lashed  gean. But Mr. Wilder does none of these things. He is too much the artist. Instead, he decides that, as Glycerium is about to produce a baby and Pamphilus has promised to look after her, there is no further use for Chrysis. So he kills his heroine half-way through the book!

Sailor in a Whirlpool. By L. Steni. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE central character in this book is an unnamed young man, an epileptic. The setting is mainly that dreary region of the Thames estuary distinguished principally for its refuse dumps. But the most remarkable thing about the story is not its atmosphere of bitterness, not the succession of mean tragedies and disasters, but the extraordinary language, the flowery and far-fetched similes in which the emotions of the epileptic and the others are described. These passages are the more striking, often repellent, coming as they often do after pages of flat, realistic and quite convincing narration. They come often with the suddenness of the epileptic's fits. This butcher wore an overall that revealed "the chitinous polish of his ordinary suit": and in the lapel a carnation "glittered opulently there against a filigree of transparent fern, the coralline iridescence of the bloom suggesting some curious tumour that might have been wrenched from the entrails of a sheep." Is that how the common carnation appears to an epileptic?

Good Sir John. By Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. Secker. 7s. 6d.

SIR JOHN, in this story, is the illegitimate child of Sir William Falstaff and a peasant girl. He was fat even as a baby. He grew up, under the care of the monks of Selby Abbey, into a fat and unlikeable youth, went to the French wars, and was knighted by the Black Prince in mistake for his half-brother. Afterwards he became Squire to Sir Thomas Mowbray, a hanger-on at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and often a dependent upon the bounty of Mistress Quickly. He is not a very pleasant or amusing fellow, this Falstaff, and his story is made no more convincing by the use, in his mouth, or those of his companions, of modern slang and turns of speech. Shakespeare's Falstaff and Shakespeare's Nym are hardly likely to be ousted by these Cockney-speaking reincarnations.

He-Who-Came. By Constance Holme. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

THIS is a curious, often good, but in some ways exasperating piece of work, told in three prologues and a tale. The first prologue (which seems a little unnecessary) consists only of the words, "I like this story. I hope you will." Liking will be largely dependent on whether the reader likes a tidy story or one with loose ends that leave a lot to the imagination. The tale here, when one comes to it, is of country cottagers, Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their children, and Aunt Martha, who is something of a bone of contention in the family.

Bid Her Awake. By Mary Griggs. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THERE is so much in Miss Griggs's 'Bid Her Awake' that is attractive and refreshing that one is inclined to overlook and to forgive weaknesses to which it would be unfair to the author not to draw attention. She has been duly careful in the development of the action of her story, but, having got so far, she suddenly becomes frightened and leaves a crowd of ragged ends floating aimlessly in space. Nevertheless, 'Bid Her Awake' is an excellent first novel and is a promise of better work still to come. Miss Griggs has a fine sense of dramatic situation and a keen eye for beauty, and her story is a good story told with an obvious delight in the telling.

Three Loves. By Mar Brod. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

Red Likker. By Irvin S. Cobb. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

Perhaps one is asking too much of Herr Brod, yet his 'Three Loves,' Dorothy, Agnes and Stasha, never really live for us, probably because we see them only through the eyes of Mayreder, the young man who loved them and who is now entertaining a chance acquaintance of the Folies Berg res with recollections of his youthful adventures. Max Brod has all the Teuton's love of self-revelation and introspection. He is for ever becoming absorbed in some train of thought, some mental or physical emotion, and following it down innumerable side alleys until he catches it at its source. All this is very cleverly done and would be very pleasant if only he would not persist in dragging us after him in a feverish attempt to explain something that is already perfectly clear. Self-exposition is not an easy task at the best of times, so that his utterly ruthless methods come as something of a shock. Yet at the same time his courage is very refreshing after so much of modern mock-heroics.

Mr. Irvin S. Cobb is a past master in the art of spinning a good yarn. In 'Red Likker' he juggles unfalteringly with plots, characters, wars, politics, centuries, laws and—decanter. This is a fine story, full of a most whimsical humour and dramatic irony. It is well worth reading.

REVIEWS

A PHILOSOPHY OF ART

Art and Scholasticism, with Other Essays. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by J. F. Scanlan. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

WHILE every artist believes the essence of beauty to be a quality which, of its very nature, eludes definition by the intellect, we cannot expect philosophers, on their side, to attempt no theory concerning art: an activity that is one of the chief satisfactions of human life. As it is the business of the artist to make beautiful things, so is it the business of philosophers to philosophize. M. Maritain, the leading exponent of a revived Thomist philosophy in France, a revival welcomed by the little but influential knot of classical and catholic mystical writers in England, here pursues his rediscovers from the schoolmen to summarize the theory of art implicit in their writings, since they composed no formal treatise upon art. It is no defect in the book to instruct us, if we are not ourselves Thomists, rather in their philosophy than in aesthetics, since a theory of art is of no use to the insensitive, however much it may clarify the reflections of those whose receptivity to beauty is accompanied by curiosity concerning the nature of their peculiar experience. The creative faculty and the receptive faculty come first; the theory is inferred from the practice; poetry was before grammar; men made statues and painted pictures before criticism was born. Farming, swimming, riding, the arts, can be learned only by personal apprenticeship, but this obvious truth does not prevent people who are not practitioners of these activities from attempting definitions. The conscious ordering of experience is as satisfying to the intellect as the instinctive activity is to the maker himself. No art, except literature, can be learned through writing and reading, but no writer, on the other hand, is indifferent to grammars and dictionaries.

The theory of art implicit in the schoolmen is, of course, the application of their own first principles to art, first principles resting upon a theological foundation, and claiming to be, therefore, of universal application. The value of M. Maritain's book to most people in this country will be the interesting discovery of principles to which they have been indifferent, by the light they throw on an activity that concerns us all. If the application is attractive, and the remarks on artists are arresting, then the old principles from which these proceed become suddenly alive. The forbidding technicalities of the opening chapters are transformed into exciting definitions once the criticism flowing from them has us by the ear. M. Maritain is best read backwards. If not, you may throw him aside in despair.

Being precise thinkers, the schoolmen confined themselves to technical terms: that is, words used with an exact meaning. A summary would be inaccurate, but the gist is roughly as follows: The schoolmen (who did not, as we do, isolate the fine arts from the applied) laid it down that art was a practical activity outside ordinary conduct, because the good of the work itself was the governing consideration. Being a work stamped with the character of its maker, art is the image of a rational human mind, which directs its form, and if the end be beautiful, it is one of the fine arts. Because beauty is one of the divine attributes, beauty belongs to the transcendental order, and it rejoices the spirit because the maker has made matter conform to a spiritual end. None the less, since the maker himself is human, the greatest works of art are ephemeral, and only the pursuit of sanctity can permanently satisfy

human nature. To-day, the idea that art must be subservient to theological dogmas would be thought ridiculous, but to the schoolmen man was a fallen being, and the thought of it no more affects his spiritual condition than the joy of artistic work prevents the artist from suffering depression, sterile moods, or one of those relapses that we all know. The nature of man was such, they said, and, if he considered his own nature, he would be forced to agree with them.

When the theory touches the formal elements of art, and speaks of "ascertained rules," we feel restive until we learn that these are "not conventional imperatives imposed on art from without, but the high, concealed ways by which Art itself, the working reason, goes to work." To avoid confusion, let us remember that a philosophical theory is not a code of rules, but the attempted explanation of a practice. The artist, the man whose natural gift has become the habit of his inner life, is the master of his own conventions, not their slave, and between the dead conventions of the class-rooms and the ingenuousness of negro-sculpture, at the opposite extreme, we find this warning:

For the modern artist the problem is absurdly situated between the senility of academic rules and the primitiveness of the natural gift: in the former art has ceased to exist, in the latter it has not come into being, except potentially. Art exists only in the living intellectuality of the habit.

Again, the following is very good, though not surprising:

... the substitution (initiated by Colbert and completed by the Revolution) of academic teaching in schools for apprenticeship in a corporation is regrettable. Precisely because art is a virtue of the practical intellect, the naturally appropriate method of teaching it is education by apprenticeship, a working novitiate under a master and in face of reality, not lessons doled out by teachers.

Art schools, indeed, produce mainly art teachers, which is education reduced to an absurdity; and even the poor journalist can still hold up his head so long as he, too, must learn his work by being thrown into the middle of a newspaper-office, and can still boast that he has no diploma and no standing other than the experience that he has acquired. The only way to learn anything practical is to serve under men whose livelihood it is.

M. Maritain's own experience, the quality of response with intelligence that makes him a clear thinker and a sensitive critic, contributes some delicious touches to the theory that he expounds. On dexterity, "a requisite condition but extrinsic to art," he remarks: "A spiritual virtue can be transmitted by a clumsy stroke." He proceeds to make a fine distinction between the imitation, assumed by Aristotle, and the vulgar copy of a subject, and to remind us how criticism was only the exaggeration of a noble protest. "What is required is not that the representation shall conform exactly to a given reality, but that through the material elements of the beauty of the work there shall be transmitted, sovereign and entire, the brilliance of a form"—a spiritual correspondence. "Artistic creation does not copy God's creation, but continues it," and the warning against didactic art, or thesis-work (as he calls it), prepares us for the spiritual balance that makes the chapter on 'Christian Art' no conventional plea. "The cathedral builders... even thought very much less about making a work of beauty than turning out good work... Their achievement revealed God's truth, but without doing it on purpose, and because it was not done on purpose." They expressed the habit of themselves.

The book, you see, is not only the work of a new Thomist, but of a skilled critic who has become a Thomist because he needed a comprehensive philo-

sophy and loves to show how his artistic intuitions can find shelter under this majestic roof. The numerous references to poets and artists, the learned notes, might have been written out of intuition, but his great theory must find room for them or he would question it at a sensitive point. He convinces us that this philosophy is comprehensive, a system of intelligence of cathedral proportions, and he lures us to understand it by the critical discernment that he shows. Indeed, to outsiders the difficulty is otherwise. Can, they ask themselves, any system of philosophy be really as catholic as Catholic philosophy purports to be? In embracing everything does it not show "the infinite without the bound"? For example:

Wherever art, Egyptian, Greek or Chinese, has attained a certain degree of grandeur and purity, it is already Christian, Christian in hope, because every spiritual splendour is a promise and a symbol of the divine harmonies of the Gospel (p. 69).

If this be true, any masterpiece must be Christian, and we cannot accommodate ourselves to that. I press the point, not to challenge M. Maritain, but to emphasize the enormity of the historic claim. With this philosophy there is no compounding. You accept or reject. There is no middle course. In our chaotic time, the hunger for intellectual order is very great, and it is well to ask ourselves whether anarchy is the alternative, whether there is a solution between the Christian hope and human despair. Such a taste of the book as the previous quotations have given will suggest its quality. The author offers you a philosophy, severe because it is precise, majestic because it is universal. If you begin with the philosophy you may quail, but the best evidence of the separate criticisms is that they lead you back to the author's foundation, and that they would be less consistent than they are if the critic were not a proficient philosopher as well. He forces you to think. He makes you listen. Contact with his fine intelligence is an experience that tells.

OSBERT BURDETT

SEEING SHELLEY PLAIN

Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet. Edited by Leslie Hotson. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

IF you would see Shelley plain, with all genius's sublime disregard for convention and good conduct, these letters are more than helpful. They might almost be described as indispensable. For in them Shelley expounded and justified—at least to himself—his attitude to Harriet Westbrook when he fell in love with Mary Godwin and desired Harriet to retire in Mary's favour, and take second place in his affections. That attitude was fairly well indicated in the one letter published long before Dr. Hotson made his exciting discovery of these lost letters—or copies of them—in the dusty files of Chancery. (They found their way there in the course of the case over the custody of Harriet's children.) In the letter written from Troyes only a fortnight after he had fled with Mary, Shelley calmly suggested that Harriet could come and join them. And later there were more definite suggestions of a *ménage à trois*. Was there ever a more unworldly seducer, or betrayer of a young wife's affections? The point was—and it is a point emphasized again and again by these new letters—that Shelley simply could not see that anyone had been betrayed, that Harriet had any substantial cause of grievance. And it may be noted in passing that he had already had uncomfortable experience of a *ménage à trois* of another sort, with Harriet's sister Eliza as the unwelcome (to Shelley) *tertium quid*. "I certainly hate her with all my heart and

soul," he wrote to Hogg, between the time of his first and second marriages to Harriet. And no doubt he held Eliza partly to blame for what seemed to him Harriet's unreasonable attitude—either to his passion for Mary, or to his idea that the three of them (to say nothing of Eliza) might live together in harmony. Their ideas on the subject, as Dr. Hotson remarks, could never meet:

Harriet, entrenched with her sympathizers behind the wall of convention and public opinion, clung to the belief that Shelley's love for Mary was to be treated as a temporary lapse from virtue, and that consequently she might render him penitent by volleys of alternate reproach and entreaty. Shelley, unconscious of sin, and steadfastly attached to Mary, yet longed to retain Harriet as a sister of his soul. In after years Browning told W. M. Rossetti that "Shelley, after returning from his first Continental trip with Mary, consulted Basil Montagu with a view to getting back Harriet to live with them (S. and M.) and could scarcely be persuaded that the thing would never do."

What was, to Shelley's mind, the injury to Harriet? After telling her that she might count on him as a steadfast and affectionate friend, but only at the price of confidence and truth (!) he went on:

You think that I have injured you. Since I first beheld you almost, my chief study has been to overwhelm you with benefits. Even now when a violent and lasting passion for another leads me to prefer her society to yours, I am perpetually employed in devising how I can be permanently and truly useful to you, in what manner my time and my fortune may be most securely expended for your real interest. In return for this it is not well that I should be wounded with reproach and blame: so unexampled and singular an attachment demands a return far different. And it would be generous, nay, even just to consider with kindness that woman whom my judgment and my heart have selected as the noblest and the most excellent of human beings.

Could anything be better calculated to inflame further the feelings of an injured female? But, incredible as it may seem, there can be no doubt that Shelley thought he was treating the unreasonable Harriet with great consideration and kindness; and injured as he might feel by her attitude, he showed himself, in his next letter, ready to give her what were, without question, the benefits of his friendship. Benefits, indeed, would seem too mild a word:

Consider how far you would desire your future life to be placed within the influence of my superintending mind; whether you still confide sufficiently in my tried and unalterable integrity to submit to the laws which any friendship would create between us; whether we are to meet in entire and unreserved faith or allow our intimacy to subside.

But Harriet (and Eliza) evidently had not sufficient faith in Shelley's integrity. She annoyed him by going to his solicitor; her family were contemplating legal action; she tried to get a dig at Mary by slandering Godwin. As a result she aggravated Shelley out of his complacency into declaring her to be an enemy, one who "under the mask of friendship and affection has acted a part of the basest and blackest treachery." He told Harriet plainly that she had failed to come up to his rather large expectations, and had missed her opportunities:

I was an idiot to expect greatness or generosity from you, that when an occasion of the sublimest virtue occurred, you would fail to play a part of mean and despicable selfishness. . . . You are plainly lost to me for ever. I foresee no probability of change.

Despite these harsh and apparently final words the correspondence evidently continued—and grew a little more conciliatory on both sides. Shelley, still avowing himself ready to be Harriet's protector, in a paternal sense, condescended to such mundane matters as his need of stockings and hanks (left in Harriet's charge), and a few days later was asking her to help him

get money. He and Mary were in desperate straits. It seems a little ironical that his principal creditor, from whom he feared the worst, was a coachmaker, who had supplied the coach in which he and Harriet had taken their pleasure. And now he had to ask the discarded Harriet for the money to pay for it:

I cannot raise money soon enough. Unless you can effect something I must go to prison, and all our hopes of independence be finished . . . Direct to me still at Pancras and tell me when I can hope to have a sum from you, and what that sum can be. I depend wholly on you . . . Write to me and send the money soon. Send what you can get, if in no other manner, by little and little.

He did have the grace to add: "I should not have the conscience to press this matter so ungracefully if your danger was not almost equal to my own."

And that Harriet, for all her resentment, could not quite forget her wifely cautions and reminders is suggested by another letter about this time, in which Shelley, after laments over money troubles, added: "I thank you for your kind attentions in recommending me to abstain from washing my head. I take your advice, but I shall not wear flannel yet. . . ."

That appeal for money was the last of the nine new letters now discovered. These extracts can give only a slight idea of their interest. They must be read in full to realize how they help to fill in the existing portraits of Shelley and his unhappy Harriet.

K. K.

THE SPANISH GENIUS

Liberty and Despotism in Spanish America. By Cecil Jane. Oxford University Press. 10s.

IT would be impossible to extol this book too highly, and it is not easy to find words in which to praise it enough. No writer of recent times has betrayed so intimate a knowledge of the Spanish character, both in Europe and America, as Mr. Jane, and few authors possess his ability to impart his learning to the reader. Moreover, his style is easy, and the result is a book which should be in the hands of all who are interested in the past or the future of Western civilization.

Mr. Jane is undoubtedly right in finding the clue to the Spanish character in the pursuit of the ideal, combined with a cynical acceptance of what exists. It is, in short, a mixture of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in almost equal proportions, while compromise is antipathetic to it. In addition, there is, of course, an intense individualism; so that it is hardly surprising that both in the Old World and in the New the body politic should have been subject to many vicissitudes. Authority must be omniscient and efficient in a way that no human government can ever hope to be, while liberty must be so complete and so untrammelled that in actual practice it has always degenerated into licence. The result of this has been the frequent recourse to dictatorship, which appeals to that innate respect for the strong man on account of his strength, which allowed even a Melgarejo to maintain himself in power for several years. As the author reminds us, even Ferdinand VII is remembered as *el mucho rey*.

In the light of this searching analysis the history of Spanish America can be easily understood, and Mr. Jane traces it in outline. He shows how the centrifugal characteristics of the race were intensified in the New World, with the paradoxical result that it was the reforming zeal rather than the neglect of the Bourbons that finally alienated the Americas. Had he wished for a parallel, he might have found one in neighbouring Brazil, where the Emperor's abolition of slavery had as its immediate consequence the overthrow of the monarchy. As the author very clearly points out, the struggle between Ferdinand and his colonies was a civil war, not a national up-

rising against Spain, and at least as many colonists fought for the King as in the armies of Bolivar and his colleagues.

In dealing with the problems of to-day Mr. Jane displays a restrained optimism. He considers that the national temperament is in itself a safeguard against that excessive materialism which is making its appearance in so many countries at the present time, but he sees ground for hope that the old unrestrained individualism is losing some of its destructiveness. It will not, however, be by adopting the methods of others that success will be attained, but by those that are in accordance with the national genius. As the author very truly remarks, the Spanish race has already achieved so much that to it nothing is impossible.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE WAYS OF A FISH

Fishing Ways and Fishing Days. By John E. Hutton. Witherby. 10s. 6d.

Salmon and Sea Trout. By W. L. Calderwood. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

THESE books are curiously complementary, for though written from very different angles they are intimately concerned with the same subject—the habits of salmon and sea trout—and consequently touch at many points. Mr. Hutton deals with salmon and trout from the angler's point of view; Mr. Calderwood, equally interested in the sport, deals with them from the standpoint of a guardian, for he was for many years Inspector of Scottish Fisheries. The protection of our rivers from the hundred and one ways of pollution which modern industrialism and the continual growth of towns have introduced is to-day complicated by the great and growing demand for water-power which in turn causes all manner of obstructions to the free run of our migratory fish to and from their spawning grounds. On the angling side the expense of the sport and the shortened leisure of the average salmon and trout fisher leads even those who in other times would have been sticklers for the fly, to consider those other methods of fishing which alone are effective under certain conditions. The purist with a fortnight's or a month's holiday who, owing to the state of the water, may get no more than a day or two's fishing, is apt to cease from his purity and think quite kindly of the loathly worm.

Well, here is Mr. Hutton, a fly-fisher by preference, but with no taste for kicking his heels in his inn when fly is impossible, prepared to defend the prawn and the worm, under the right conditions, against all comers, not only as a sporting method of fishing, but as requiring more skill in the angler than is demanded by the fly. He is probably right, and it may be that his suggestion that the prejudice against bait fishing is due to the inability of most anglers to fish bait well will do something to abate that prejudice, which, in any case, is unquestionably declining. Mr. Hutton has much practical advice to give with regard to spinning, and prawn and worm fishing, and to the conditions which favour one or other of these methods; and he gives us an excellent paper on low-water fishing with the fly. But before he comes to deal with the practical side of salmon fishing—he is mainly concerned with salmon—he discusses very racily the ethics of the sport, the psychology of those who indulge in it, and the nature of ghillies, and incidentally to the discussion has many good stories to tell. In his consideration of the evergreen question why salmon, which do not feed in fresh water, take flies and lures and prawns and worms, Mr. Hutton cuts the Gordian knot by maintaining that salmon do take food in fresh water,

for the excellent reason that he has seen them doing it.

Mr. Calderwood, who has much to tell us of the feeding salmon and its natural food in the sea, states that it does occasionally take food in fresh water, and would probably agree with Mr. Hutton that fly, bait and lures do rouse the feeding instinct, and excite the jaded appetite; though he also suggests, and here Mr. Hutton will certainly agree with him, that sometimes the fish is annoyed into snapping. It is probable, however, that fly and bait alike offer a tit-bit temptation to which the fish fall, as a man who has dined well, though rejecting heavier fare, might be tempted by the unexpected presentation of an olive or a salted almond. Very interesting is Mr. Calderwood's story of the migrations of salmon in the sea, and of the way in which they and sea trout return from long distances to the rivers, not necessarily always the same rivers from which they came. Chiefly, however, he is concerned with the preservation of our fisheries from pollution and obstruction, and with the methods employed for preventing the one and circumventing the other. He also discusses the restocking of rivers, and lakes, and the amazing successes in acclimatization which have been achieved, notably in New Zealand. The book is a very valuable addition to our knowledge of migratory fish, and of the methods, natural and artificial, which have been adopted for their preservation and increase. Both volumes are illustrated.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Madame D'Aulnoy: Travels into Spain. With an Introduction and Notes by R. Foulché-Delbosc. Routledge. 21s.

OF all literary fakes this is surely the most impudent, ingenious and successful. The Comtesse D'Aulnoy, author of the famous fairy tales in the manner of Perrault, so far as can be discovered was never in Spain; and her accounts of the country and of the Court were gathered from many contemporary sources, whole passages being coolly lifted from published memoirs and letters of her time. Something, no doubt, she gathered from personal gossip; but her observation at the closest was at second hand. What was it then that gave her work the verisimilitude of an original narrative written on the spot, so that for over two centuries the fraud was undiscovered and her work accepted at its face value, not merely by the public but also by such an acute critic as Taine? As M. Foulché-Delbosc demonstrates, the Comtesse blunders again and again, while her borrowings, to anyone who had the remotest knowledge of her originals, should have been blatantly obvious. How came it that she was neither exposed by her mistakes nor denounced by those from whom she stole? The answer is, because she neither gives her readers time to reflect nor inspires in them the inclination to criticize.

Madame D'Aulnoy was many things she should not have been; but she was not a bore. As a writer she had style, and vivacity, and imagination. Moreover she was a born traveller. Not without reason have the editors of "Broadway Travellers" included her fiction in their library of fact. For, despite its factual falseness, it is intellectually and emotionally the real thing. Madame D'Aulnoy remained in France, but her mind assuredly travelled into Spain. She read and listened and memorized, no doubt; but she understood, and sympathized, and felt. The experiences of others she made her own. It is she who, on the frontiers, meets a worse sort of people than Turks and Moors, "and these are custom-house men." It is she whose head tired under the unaccustomed Spanish head-dress, she who cannot sit because she

is encumbered with the voluminous farthingale. The Spanish food revolts her; and her sufferings in a Spanish inn are acute. She has a curious understanding of the common people, their courtesy, their poverty and their pride. She buys a little negress, and in a paragraph the condition of the slave in seventeenth-century Spain is revealed to us. The Spanish theatre bores her, but she makes it real. We see the players, and note the cobbler critic who leads the applause or kills the play with a yawn or a whistle. We see the ladies of the town sitting in the amphitheatre and hear them say things "so very pleasant that they would make one die of laughing, for their wit is free from all decency." She goes to a bull-fight, and her heart fails her every time she sees those "terrible creatures ready to kill those brave *caballeros*." The writer steals, but with what discretion, and with what neat little additions and interpolations does she make the plunder her own.

The descriptions of scenery and architecture have an air of reality, and are dropped in, whencesoever their source, as the right background for the narrative in hand. Madame D'Aulnoy meets many men and women of high rank, visits the Queen Mother, talks with the King, Charles II, and is in Madrid when he welcomes his French bride. The gossip of the Court is well done, and never overdone, and the costume, customs, and social trappings of the time are given us in most engaging detail. Interspersed with the "traveller's" tale, we have innumerable tales told to the traveller. Tales of gallantry amusingly illustrative of the way in which the very seclusion of women was utilized by them in their amours. It is a world of coquettes in which half the males go antlered. Fake it may be; yet who can wonder that those who come under its spell overlook its inventions, its blunders and its thefts? For here we have a country and a people and a civilization, described, with something of the careful precision of a field anthropologist, yet in the gay manner of the memoirist and the writer of *contes*.

The edition before us is a reprint with modernized spelling of the English second edition of 1692, the critical analysis of the work is taken from the late M. Foulché-Delbosc's study published in 1926, and the book as a whole is in every way worthy of the excellent Broadway series in which it is included.

LANGUAGE TEACHING IN OUR SCHOOLS

Modern Language Teaching. By Cloudesley Brereton. University of London Press. 7s. 6d.

TO recommend this admirable book to the modern language teacher, to whom it is primarily addressed, would smack of the impertinent. The title page provides all the recommendation needed. On the other hand, only those who are teachers themselves would be competent adequately to review and criticize the theory and practice of teaching which Mr. Brereton here expounds, for throughout his exposition he has particularly in mind the elementary and secondary schools of London, and the pupils of such schools who adventure further in education. But if the book is thus technically limited in its appeal and its address, the basic principles it discusses are general principles which have the widest application, and it is with these principles that the layman is concerned.

From the standpoint of what may be called public interest modern teaching of modern languages is justifying itself by its results, as none know better than those who, like Mr. Brereton himself, made their first acquaintance with school-taught French in what he appropriately calls the palæolithic era,

when illiterate Frenchmen, untrained in teaching, gave more or less irrelevant instruction to contemptuous classes of unruly young barbarians. The palæolithic teacher was more often than not a hirsute fraud; but even if he had been erudite as a don and masterful as a drill sergeant, the theory of language-teaching prevalent in his day would have stifled the desire to learn in all but the most ardent. Hear Mr. Brereton on his own experience:

When I left one school at fifteen, I was fifth in the whole school. I went to another, one of the rare kind in which French was seriously taught, and was, so bad at the subject that the teacher told me I should never do anything with it and advised me to drop it, which I joyfully did. Perhaps I may add that years after I went down to inspect the school in Modern Languages for Cambridge University, but alas, the man who had weeded me out of the French class as a "ne'er-do-weel" had left a year before.

Note that "I joyfully did," and then, remembering that Mr. Brereton could never have been that despair of the language-teacher, a non-linguistic child, see how in a single sentence the old bad methods are condemned. To-day a quite considerable proportion of our young people derive from their language-teachers a sound working knowledge of the language taught, a knowledge to which only an infinitesimal minority of the pupils of the palæolithic era could lay any claim. Would you learn the reasons of this change for the better? Open Mr. Brereton's book at any chapter, and they will stare you in the face.

Take his theory first; that working hypothesis without which no right method can ever be safely formulated. Throughout the whole of the book—which treats of the pupil at all ages, at all stages of his progress, and from all kinds of cultural environment—he never mentions discipline once. Languages to him are matters of living interest, valuable as means of intercourse, social and commercial, and as introductions to the thought and culture of our European neighbours; never does he think of them as a discipline of the mind. In place of discipline he sets interest. The pupil must be interested and kept interested; and interest in a language, as he demonstrates, can be manifold, even "gerund-grinding," treated as a chant, can hold the attention of the young. Probably never has a technician made so direct an appeal to the layman. Here, we feel, we have the born teacher. Read the notes on right pronunciation and right intonation, and understand how the former without the latter may be quite useless; conjure "the ghost of your Cæsar unprepared," and then listen to Mr. Brereton advocating the use of cribs. Read him again on vocabulary, the necessity of its acquisition, and the nonsense that is talked about the limited vocabulary that ordinary persons use. Again and again Mr. Brereton insists that the pupil should be imbued with an appreciation of the people whose language is being studied, and with their literature.

Like all linguists, Mr. Brereton is perhaps inclined to overestimate the importance of languages as a guide to the peoples who speak them. It is quite possible to have full command of a foreign or dead language, and still to misunderstand very comprehensively the culture of the people. Even so, however, those whose eclectic sympathy leads them to international understandings will find their sympathy quickened and their understanding heightened by knowing the language of a people and reading their literature at first hand. Mr. Brereton points out that there is no royal road to the acquisition of language. Still, the road he now takes us is far more royal than the road he and we once went. In this smoothing of the way Mr. Brereton has had something more than a hand, nor is the end of the improvements he and his coadjutors have effected as yet in sight.

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

The Impending Storm. By Somerset de Chaire. Constable. 5s.

IN a prefatory apology—the word is used in its old sense of justification—which is dated from Balliol, Mr. de Chaire confesses that he is only eighteen. Place and statement invite obvious criticism, to some slight extent deserved. Mr. de Chaire is rather too easily impressed by the things he has seen and the people he has met as contrasted with what he has merely read about, and is, therefore, too ready to conclude that the side of the question visible to him is the only side worth notice. On the other hand he has seen significant things and most important people. What is more, he knows how to arrange his ideas clearly, and how to bring the proper touch of imagination to their development. His discussion of the French and American attitudes towards the debts question shows that he is tolerant of views which he does not share, so perhaps he will not take it amiss if a middle-aged reviewer, who is not even a member of his own college, declares himself rather disturbed by his book. His thoughts, which he invites us to regard as typical young man's thoughts, are fixed on war. The most powerful chapter in the book tells us what the next war will be like, and previous chapters set out the causes which threaten to bring it about. It is not for us, who are responsible for Mr. de Chaire's childish memories of a world in chaos, to blame him for thus forecasting new struggles. But we may fairly ask him to remember that to those of us who were born into the Victorian tradition of peace, the war seems a hideous interruption of the proper order of things, and that we have done something to make our view prevail hereafter.

To this Mr. de Chaire would probably object that we have not done enough and would point to all the



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vexed questions which, as he duly notes, are to be found on either side of a line drawn from the Baltic to the Adriatic. But was it really possible to do much more? Germany, Russia, Austria, Turkey, all collapsed within a few months. The familiar East and Central European world fell to pieces. Nothing put in its place could have any guarantee of stability. We made such arrangements as we could, leaving a good many issues over until the facts have become clearer. In this we surely showed greater wisdom than the authors of the Treaty of Vienna, who settled everything so firmly that it took a series of local wars to undo their work. Locarno and the 19th article of the Lergue Covenant offer easier means to the revision of ours. -

H. S.

THE OTHER SIDE OF FASCISM

Escape. By Francesco Fausto Nitti. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

SIGNOR FAUSTO NITTI is a nephew of Francesco Nitti, the ex-Prime Minister of Italy, who contributes an introduction to this book. In December, 1926, he was arrested, after weeks of close shadowing, on a charge of having "committed acts against the political and economic institutions of the State"—in other words, as an anti-Fascist. He was sentenced, without trial, to five years' deportation. He was sent first to the island of Lampedusa, and then to Lipari, which is described as "Italy's Devil's Island." From the latter, he and two other deportees escaped in a motor launch, provided by friends in Italy. The story of their escape forms an exciting—and rather over-dramatized—prologue and ending to this volume. But the real interest of Signor Nitti's story is in his picture of the almost medieval methods used by Fascism, personified in Mussolini, to discourage revolt, or even criticism. After a sufficiently horrible experience—shared by hundreds of other political suspects—of a Roman prison, Signor Nitti and others, heavily handcuffed and chained together in groups of four, were sent publicly by train to Naples and kept a night, under horrible conditions, in prison there. Thence they were shipped to Palermo, when, in a prison which has the reputation of being the worst in Italy, they were stripped and searched, and were finally shipped, still in chains and handcuffs, to Lampedusa.

That island would seem to deserve the same description as Lipari. Not only were the political prisoners herded together in one large common "cell" but they were forced to associate also with convicts of criminal sort—lawless degenerates who were allowed to roam about the village and behave almost as they pleased. This penal settlement was under the control of an officer who was almost a maniac, and saw plots and conspiracies in the most innocent words and actions. When his brutalities had driven some of the prisoners to talk of revolt, he appeared one evening, protected by a body of carabinieri, slashed one prisoner across the face with his whip and promised another a hell of a time.

"At the first sign of truculence," he yelled, rolling his eyes around, "I'll kill all of you! God grant that they make another attempt on the life of our beloved Duce! I am going to give a candle to the Virgin Mary to-night and ask her that it may come to pass. Then I shall come here with two good bombs and send you all together to Hell!"

More peaceful methods of persuasion were the employment of secret Fascist agents, who tried to induce Signor Nitti and others, by promises of release, to recant and declare that they saw in Fascism the only means of Italy's salvation. But after his removal to Lipari—where the bully of Lampedusa had his opposite number in a Fascist officer who was also a

cocaine addict—Signor Nitti and two others made the escape which had always been believed impossible. His story of what he escaped from makes one speculate whether Fascism is another name for medievalism, what Mussolini thinks of this book and what would happen to its author if he were rash enough to set foot in Italy.

SHORTER NOTICES

Two Men of Alexandria. Edited by H. Gaussen. Heath Cranton. 2s.

THIS little work is a quite noteworthy collection of aphorisms, and remarks by two distinguished Alexandrians, Philo-Judæus, who was born 20 B.C., and Origen, born A.D. 185, to illustrate their views of religion—Philo as a precursor and contemporary of St. Paul and St. John; Origen as the first great scholar and expositor of the Christian writings. Both were commentators of the Scriptures, and it is interesting to see the profound difference between them under a superficial assemblance. We commend the book as a collection of notable dicta on Biblical subjects

The Triumphant Footman. By Edith Olivier. Secker. 7s. 6d.

DESCRIBED as a "Farcical Fable," this is a light and delicate story, well-written, and stylish without being modish. The matter is delicate as well as the manner, and the book is graced by a feeling in the author for amusing situations, and the presence in her of the same quality possessed by her character, Mirabelle, "in company with the majority of her sex," of a sense of intrigue. Alphonse, the footman,



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moves through the pages whether with a false beard, a real beard or no beard at all, with equal conviction, romance and good manners, and the reality of the characters is never called in question because of one's pleasure in encountering their lightly fantastical selves.

To be Hanged. By Bruce Hamilton. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

THE apparently straightforward and simple murder of Paul Clifford is a puzzle for Sherlock Holmes. It seemed such a very clear case against Mihail Stefanescu, the young violinist who had been carrying on a liaison with Clifford's much-repressed and bullied daughter, Emily. Here he is much too obviously guilty to be anything but innocent. And certainly he could have had nothing to do with the deaths that followed. Then there were the two men, Langridge and Hathway, both known to the erotic Emily, whose movements made such a puzzle for the young newspaper man (as unreal as most reporters in novels) investigating the whole strange story. It will not spoil any interest in the chase to tell that in the end justice was done and that both Langridge and Hathway were hanged, after the former had made a cynical confession and cleared up all the mysteries in the case, including the greatest mystery of all—his connexion with Hathway.

The Rosicrucian. by Temple Thurston. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

THE 'Rosicrucian' is a collection of twelve short stories, most of them dealing with the unpleasant side of life. His Rosicrucian is not so convincing as Zanoni, but Mr. Thurston is an accomplished storyteller and, within the narrow limits allowed for each story, produces an effect—not always, perhaps, that which he intended.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 420

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, April 10)

A TREE, A SHRUB, BOTH FRAGRANT TO THE SMELL;
GUESTS OF THE RIVIERA KNOW THEM WELL:
THE BUSH A NATIVE OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE IS,
THE TREE AUSTRALIA'S BEAUTY MUCH ENHANCES.

1. The cobbler in his stall can't do without it.
2. That this will win you favour, never doubt it.
3. Agile; aye asking, *And the next thing, madam?*
4. Archaic, prehistoric, "old as Adam."
5. Deadly; destruction it may deal to dozens.
6. A favourite tune with our New-England cousins.
7. Fount of festivity. Dismiss the bird.
8. Of speckled songster now reject a third.
9. Retiring, modest, shunning all display.
10. By lizards taken every summer day.

Solution of Acrostic No. 418

M	agent	A
A	ide-de-cam	P ^a
R	amble	R
C	aravansera	I ¹
H	ote	L
W	aite	R
bI		A ^s
kN		It
D	e	N
S	wipe	S

ACROSTIC No. 418.—The winner is "Met," the Hon. Mrs. M. Talbot, Bifrons, Canterbury, who has selected as her prize 'Alexander Pope,' by Edith Sitwell, published by Faber and Faber and reviewed by us on March 22 under the title of 'Miss Sitwell's Pope.' Twenty-five other competitors named this book, thirteen chose 'Memoirs of Travel, Sport and Natural History,' eleven 'The Soul of Picardy,' eleven 'An International Drama,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Aron, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boote, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ernest, Carr, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, C. C. J., Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Clam, Coque, J. R. Cripps, Lady Ashbrooke Crump, Dhualt, D. L., Dolmar, M. East, R. J. Fletcher,

Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Glamis, D. L. Haldane-Porter, T. Hartland, James, Jeff, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, Madge, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, F. M. Petty, Polamar, Rabbits, Shorwell, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, R. Tullis jun., Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Willoughby, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, The Chantry, Chip, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Maud Crowther, Ursula D'Ot, C. W. S. Ellis, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Iago, Jop, J. V., Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Katharine Molony, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Sisyphus, Spyella, Miss Daphne Touche, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—J. Keeble, Margaret Owen, Rand, Rho Kappa, Mrs. A. Lytton Sells. All others more.

Light 10 baffled 21 solvers; Light 7, 5; Light 3, 4; Light 8, 3; Light 4, 2.

D. L.—In an article on cricket in 'The Popular Encyclopedia,' *Batsman* and *Batter* are each used four times. See also *Batsman* and *Batter* in 'Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary.'

JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES

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COLLECTORS' NOTES ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ART

BY EGAN MEW

THE salient feature in the world of antiques during the last few weeks in London is undoubtedly the attention that has been focused upon the perhaps less important and more *intime* portrait painters of the eighteenth century. Not long ago, less than twenty-five years certainly, the most attractive works of Francis Hayman, Joseph Highmore, John Marcellus Laroon, Arthur Devis and all that little world of characteristic artists, could be bought for something under £30, but, almost at the time of writing, one notes that the by no means particularly engaging portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Sifton and their sons in the garden of a big house brings no less than £275 at Hurcomb's. This picture (36 in. by 49 in.) was from the brush of the now intensely and rightly popular John Zoffany, who belonged to, if he did not precisely lead, the school of painters of whom we write. Historically and sociologically he is of greater value than some of his contemporaries, owing to his several visits to Italy and Austria, where he was greatly admired and created a Baron, and his long sojourn and vast amount of work in India. The present period is said by many to be reproducing in certain external particulars the characteristics of the eighteenth century. In art and letters this tendency is obvious enough and shows most clearly in our immediate appreciation of those painters whose works were included in the collection of so-called Conversation Pieces gathered together in the reception rooms of the house of Sir Philip Sassoon, in Park Lane. Among the twenty-nine different artists whose works were thus pleasantly displayed, no one artist is so emphatically acclaimed as that original member of the Royal Academy of whom we have spoken, John Zoffany. Although of foreign origin, no one painted our native types with more feeling and understanding. During the last twenty years his fame has grown and the prices paid for his portrait groups—frequently arranged, perhaps a little too intentionally, in rooms which enable us to recreate the period with almost scientific exactitude—has increased remarkably. But it is only during the last month that his reputation among us can be said to have reached anything approaching apotheosis. In this one exhibition alone were no less than fifty-seven of Zoffany's admirable, competent, engaging works. All these are of infinite interest to collectors in general as well as to owners, and would-be owners, of pictures in particular.

There is no doubt but that in the middle of the eighteenth century such painters as Wootton, George Stubbs and the two artists of the name of Sartorius, were as greatly appreciated as at the present time. Their contemporary patrons were to be found in no small numbers among the country gentlemen, race-horse owners, masters of foxhounds, sportsmen generally, and those landed proprietors who desired small and pleasant portraits of themselves and their families to hang in their comfortable Georgian rooms and, in due season, to hand on to those who followed in the ownership of their manors and their agreeable country houses. Such purchasers of these works were not, as a rule, the great ones of the earth, although many were persons of importance in their day—especially at Newmarket and in counties where the hunting was good.

But with the passage of time and the regrettable Western and un-Chinese lack of devotion to the cult of ancestor-worship, sometimes noticeable in English families, and with the change of fashion in regard to

portraiture and pictures generally, such fine and simple work fell into some neglect and disrepute. After some hundred or so years, this want of appreciation became very marked. Those who undervalued Conversation Pieces at that later period appear to have done so without the least appreciation of their many valuable and interesting qualities. About fifty years ago the Bryan's Dictionary of that day, which may be taken to have voiced the common view, spoke of the works of both Francis Sartorius and L. N. Sartorius without much enthusiasm and, indeed, ended the short notices of both with the lofty and no doubt then truthful phrase, "The productions of both have been long since consigned to the steward's rooms or the attics."

If this were in fact the case, as doubtless it was, it is now far too late to search those modest chambers in the hope of finding works whose glory had departed but has come again now with so loud an acclaim as to make those extremely capable, but by no means over-praised artists, wish to "revisit these glimpses of the moon." Bryan of fifty years ago is, however, impressed by "the eminent painter of animals born in Liverpool in 1724, George Stubbs," but adds, "he painted on large plates of iron in enamel, which are not now of much value." Where are those panels now, or did the severities of the mid-nineteenth century Bryan beat them out for ever?

Of John Wootton there is more praise, especially for landscapes said to be in the style of Claude Lorraine and Gaspar Poussin, but the Conversation Pieces, now so well-beloved by the collector, are passed over.

For collectors in this world of art one might suggest that the works of J. M. Laroon, an extremely lively student of English society and a friend of Hogarth; of Thomas Patch, a painter and engraver whose painted portraits verge on caricature—there is one in the National Portrait Gallery which does a little more than verge—might well be worth hunting.

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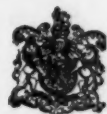
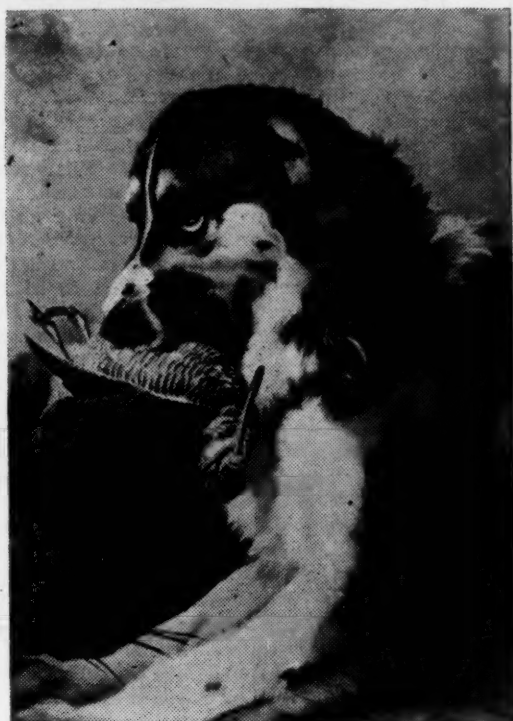
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INSURANCE

THE INSURANCE PROBLEM

BY W. BERRY RITCHIE

IT is generally true that the foundation of family life is the exercise, by the head of the family, of natural and acquired abilities of mind, or body, or both. It can perfectly well be argued that these faculties are the main, often the only, capital possession of the family. And precisely as, in business, it is axiomatic that the preservation of capital is the first care, and the production of revenue an essential but secondary consideration, so it is with the individual.

We can carry the parallel further, moreover. In business the assets representing the capital may change; and so in the family unit. And it is as fully essential in the latter as in the former that forethought should be given to the problem of creating a fund which shall become an effective substitute for a capital asset that is bound to disappear.

A man holding a leasehold will create a sinking fund out of revenue, so that when the leasehold expires by effluxion of time its original cost will stand in the fund. Exactly in that way, as we have only a leasehold upon life and strength and vigour, it becomes every one of us to furnish, out of income, a substitute for those blessings when, in the inevitable march of events, they come to an end.

If I knew that I should live for another 40 years, I could make investment arrangements that would ensure something like adequate provision for my dependants when I died, or for myself when I became aged. But I do not know how long I shall live. No man has the remotest idea how long or how short his life is going to be. The strongest may perish by accident in the twinkling of an eye. But a life

assurance office is able to give me the benefit of a knowledge possessed neither by myself nor anybody else.

One may venture to protest, at this point, against another common form of neglect of the claims of wife and children. I mean the association of provision for old age with provision against death. In this connexion one cannot be so downright as in what has gone before, because there are many men who cannot rely upon any source of income in the evening of their days except what they have themselves created. One cannot lightly dismiss the argument: "If I live to be 65 my children will be grown up and self-supporting, and it may easily be best for my wife, as well as for me, if I come into possession of a good, round sum. There may be other savings, and the purchase of a house, or any one of a dozen things, may be the best for us. Or I may be alone."

Far be it from me to utter a word to discourage independence of this kind. Heaven knows the country has need of all the individual independence that has survived. But I do affirm that in the early years of life a man with responsibilities is in duty bound first to make ample provision against the calamity of his own early death, and then, and only then, to set about providing for his old age.

One of the leading offices lately brought this point forward in a somewhat striking fashion. I name no names because the lesson attaches to all life assurance, though figures vary. In the case in point, comparison is made between what £100 a year will buy under a whole-life policy and under common forms of endowment assurance.

If a whole-life with-profit policy be taken at age 30, £100 a year will purchase rather more than £4,000 to begin with. That is the least sum the policy will yield at the death of the holder, no matter how soon it may occur after the payment of the first premium. Assuming bonus to continue to accrue at

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The moment an old age provision is associated with life assurance, however, the purchasing power of the annual premium is largely diminished, while the maximum period of bonus accumulation necessarily is shortened. It may be explained that an endowment assurance is a policy which becomes payable after the lapse of a fixed period of years or at previous death.

If, in the case in point, the policy is made payable at age 50 or at previous death, its amount at the beginning will be rather under £3,000 and, if the life endure to age 60, the amount will then be something over £5,300. Of course, if the age at which the policy matures is less than 60, both the initial and the final amounts will be substantially smaller still.

I should be sorry to write on the general subject of life assurance without specially drawing attention to the advantages that attach to taking out policies in the very earliest years of life. It is unnecessary to say that life assurance must not be effected in order to make the death of an infant profitable to anybody. That is mere villainy, and the practice to which I allude is very different from it.

Any first-class life office quotes rates for assurances beginning in the earliest years, but becoming operative only in early maturity—at age 21 or age 25. For extremely trifling premiums, large benefits are thereby secured, because, during the years prior to the arrival of the vesting age the company is not at risk. Accordingly a substantial fund is created, to the enduring benefit of the assured.

The latter, having become a young man or a young woman, is enabled to choose any one of six or seven

forms of benefit: an immediate cash payment substantially exceeding the sum total of premiums paid, or such life assurance or endowment assurance as may appear to be most advantageous. If a continuing assurance is chosen, there is no change in the rate of premium, so that the advantage of low cost continues throughout life. In the event of the death of the parent during childhood and adolescence, provision is, or can be, made which prevents the assured from suffering disadvantage in so far as the policy is concerned.

In the same category stand educational endowments or marriage portion policies. They provide, by premiums payable throughout early years, for the cost of higher education or for an endowment fund: and in these cases again provision can be made against the destruction of the assurance by the premature death of the responsible parent.

Finally, a word to remind the reader that the State will pay part of his life assurance premium for him if he happens to be an income-tax payer. It sounds almost like a survival of the golden age, but so it is. Within reasonable and proper limits, a life assurance premium payment carries with it a right to remission of half the income tax on that amount. With the tax at 4s. in the £, with little prospect of reduction, this means that 10 per cent. of the premium is paid, indirectly, by the State. It amounts to a recognition of, and aid to life assurance, justified by the enormous social advantages which arise from this scientific form of saving and investment. For that is what it amounts to.

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THE FINANCE OF INDUSTRY

FROM many points of view 1929 was an eventful year in the banking world. Important events and developments, at home and abroad, exerted a widespread influence on the international monetary system and on the course of banking in this country. Financial crashes at home and abroad, the disorganization of the world's money markets through the unprecedented wave of speculation which swept over America, attracting funds from all quarters and bringing about the raising of the Bank of England rate to 6½ per cent., the inevitable slump, a general decline in commodity values, the sharp setback in the value of Stock Exchange securities here, and the increased industrial depression and consequent unemployment, have all in their turn, and, towards the end of the year, collectively, necessitated the greatest care and attention of our banking authorities.

Throughout this difficult period the supremacy of London as the world's leading international financial centre was strongly emphasized. British banks and banking methods have stood firm and unshaken and have maintained all their best traditions. Most of the banks show a stronger position than at the end of the previous year: in some cases, profits have increased, while, generally, any losses that were incurred, as the result of last year's financial disasters, have had no material effect.

Last year's difficulties, indeed, illustrated the efficiency of our monetary system and brought out in striking contrast the Bank Rate policy and open market operations of the Bank of England with the somewhat ineffective methods of the Federal Reserve system in the United States. This is one of the satisfactory features of the last banking year, and the benefits of the policies adopted are already apparent in the current year.

Last year money rates, especially in the second half, ruled high—fully 23s. per cent. higher than in the corresponding period of the previous year—and this to some extent may have been responsible for the larger profits earned by the "Big Five" banks. In a broad sense the banks do not like dear money since it has a restrictive influence on trade, and, in the long run, the well-being of financial institutions such as banks can only be secured provided industry is prosperous. It was only natural, therefore, that industry should view with apprehension such rises in the cost of money as were inevitable last year; in fact, this question of banking policy and the credit requirements of industry, coming at a time when unemployment was rising week by week, attracted considerable attention outside the purely banking world. Thus, in November last, the Government set up a committee "to inquire into banking, finance and credit, paying regard to the factors, both internal and international, which govern their operation, and to make recommendations calculated to enable these agencies to promote the development of trade and commerce and the employment of labour." This committee is still pursuing its investigations and its report is awaited with considerable interest.

Meanwhile, Mr. R. McKenna, a member of the committee and chairman of the Midland Bank, at the annual meeting of that bank provided a very useful preface to the deliberations of that committee in an historical account of the monetary machinery of this country since the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

Mr. McKenna also evidenced the more sympathetic attitude of the banks towards industry. Indeed, the great extension of the banks' recent activities in this direction and their present endeavours to assist in the rehabilitation of industry, formed one of the main themes of many of the speeches of the chairmen at the last annual meetings.

Mr. Bank, recog not o munit given other neede ing co unles trolle at the As a the c resou no de encou turers

Mr. F. C. Goodenough, the chairman of Barclays Bank, stated that the banks in this country have recognized, more and more, that they have a duty not only to their shareholders, but also to the community as a whole. In very many instances the help given to industry has been justified by results; in other cases it was not financial assistance which was needed, but reorganization to meet the ever increasing competition. Provision of capital was of little use unless a business was efficiently organized and controlled. He pointed out, further, that the real problem at the present time was that of markets and prices. As a rule the banks do not make loans abroad for the direct development of markets but use their resources for the purpose of financing trade. There is no doubt that industry and trade can be greatly encouraged if the banks help to finance our manufacturers in the execution of their orders from abroad.

By granting acceptance credits they can also help the buyers so that they can the more readily buy from us.

Both Sir Harry Goschen at the National Provincial meeting and Mr. R. Hugh Tennant at the Westminster Bank meeting, dealt at length with the conditions obtaining in several industries, and the willingness of these banks to do all in their power to assist in the reorganization of industry. The chairman of Lloyds Bank dealt with the difficult industrial conditions at home and abroad and emphasized that the failures which had taken place in Germany, France, Italy, America and elsewhere were due mainly to irregularities from which British business, and certainly British banking, were, on the whole, immune.

Outside the "Big Five," Mr. A. Allan Paton, at the annual meeting of Martins Bank, referred to the substantial help which had been given to the small

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trader. He further referred to the serious position of the cotton industry, a subject dealt with also by Mr. G. P. Dewhurst, of Williams Deacon's Bank, who expressed the view that the only hope for this industry was in the direction of a vast scheme of rationalization.

Nor has the Bank of England been backward in its efforts on behalf of industry: in fact, the Central Authority is taking a leading part, as instanced by its activities in connexion with the formation, last year, of the Securities Management Trust to accelerate and provide financial aid for the reorganization of industry, and, further, by the assistance rendered in the placing of further share capital for the United Dominions Trust, a leading undertaking which specializes in the financing of what is generally known as the hire-purchase business.

So far, references in this review have been to trade and industry as distinct from agriculture. It should not be thought that the latter has been omitted from the banks' desires and schemes of assisting the producer and manufacturer. Under the Agricultural Credits Act 1928, the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation was formed and started work in January 1929. In its short existence it has transacted a considerable volume of business. Up to the beginning of November, according to an official statement, it had received applications for loans exceeding a total of £7,000,000, of which £2,700,000 had been completed, while a further £1,123,000 had been granted subject to the satisfactory completion of formalities. Since that date, no doubt, the figures have been materially increased. The shares of the Corporation are exclusively held by the following banks:—Barclays, District, Glyn Mills, Lloyds, Manchester and County, Martins, National Provincial, Westminster, Williams Deacon and the Bank of England, and the scheme is operated by these banks and their branches throughout the country. Its success, undoubtedly, has been due to the readiness of these shareholding banks to take part in it in this way.

From the foregoing it is fairly obvious that our leading banks have not played a passive part in the assistance of trade and industry during recent difficult years. It must be realized that they have definite obligations to their depositors who must be protected above all else, but with that reservation they have extended facilities to trade far beyond what in pre-war days would have been deemed advisable or within their power. This extra help has only been rendered possible by their pursuing, over a number of years, a conservative policy—the provision in good years of the funds to enable contingencies to be faced in bad times—and the result is that to-day our banking system is among our greatest assets, and in a position to play an even more important part in the restoration of our trade, when the various reorganization and rationalization schemes, now being carried through by many of our industries, bear fruit in greater activity and more employment.

This review may be conveniently ended with a brief reference to efforts initiated last November to make Paris more of an international monetary centre. One of the essentials to such an end—a large gold holding as backing for the currency—already exists, but the means of credit—such as acceptance and discount houses—are lacking, and the banking organization is, for the present, inadequate. The movement may thus progress slowly, but it will, undoubtedly, be watched with interest. London probably owes its position as the world's chief international monetary centre to the reputation established and the experience gained from generations of successful trading. Such qualifications are not readily acquired and many years may thus elapse before Paris becomes a serious competitor with London for monetary and banking business.

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THE close proximity of the Budget is having a restraining influence on markets, and although the improved tendency, due to cheap money, is still in evidence, the volume of business is on a reduced scale. Budget secrets are always very carefully guarded, and the knowledge that Mr. Snowden has many millions of fresh money to raise is causing uneasiness in the minds of those interested in the shares of companies dealing with products that may possibly receive Budgetary attention. The opinion is expressed that once the Budget is out of the way we should see brighter markets and an increase in turnover.

UNITED MOLASSES

The Report of the United Molasses Company for 1929 makes extremely encouraging reading for shareholders. The net profits, which for 1928 amounted to £386,673, have risen to £1,257,054. A final dividend of 15 per cent. less tax is to be paid, making with the interim dividend of 10 per cent., 25 per cent. for the year, while shareholders are to receive a bonus distribution of one share free for every two shares held. The dividend was in accordance with the market estimates, but the bonus was more generous than had been anticipated. In their Report, the directors deal in considerable detail with the company's activities, and from their remarks it certainly would appear that the expansion of profits is likely to continue and that molasses shares possess undoubted possibilities for considerable appreciation in 1930.

GORDON HOTELS

Another satisfactory Report recently issued is that of the Gordon Hotels. Here, shareholders are to receive, in addition to the usual 5 per cent. dividend, a bonus of 1½ per cent. In their Report the directors draw attention to the fact that the profits of the May Fair Hotel have far exceeded their expectations, and state that the hotel has proved an admirable investment for the company from every point of view. Gordon Hotels Limited have acquired an interest in the Dorchester House Syndicate, which is erecting an hotel on the Dorchester House site in Park Lane, and the hotel, when built, will be under the management of this company. In their class, at the present price, Gordon Hotel shares appear to possess possibilities of future capital appreciation.

ARGENTINE RAILROADS

Those seeking permanent investments showing a higher yield than that obtainable on gilt-edged securities should not overlook the Argentine Railway Prior Charges. These have depreciated in price owing to the decrease of interim dividends on the ordinary stock. They are, however, thoroughly well secured, and such counters as Buenos Ayres Great Western 4 per cent. debenture stock and Central Argentine 5 per cent. new debenture stock are both showing generous yields in view of present monetary conditions.

WHITWORTH AND MITCHELL

Those seeking a high-yielding industrial investment should not overlook the attractions of the £1 shares

of Whitworth and Mitchell. This company occupies a leading position in that branch of the textile industry concerned with the production of dress fabrics and shirtings. It was founded in 1921, and its success is largely attributable to the efficiency of its organization. Accounts for the year to June 30 last showed profits equal to 35 per cent. on the ordinary share capital, shareholders receiving 22 per cent. in dividends. On account of the current financial year, an interim dividend of 7½ per cent. has been declared. As it is gathered that since the date of the last balance sheet the business of the company has shown satisfactory expansion, in their class these shares certainly appear well worth locking away, in view of the fact that at the present market price a yield in the neighbourhood of 9 per cent. is shown.

TEA SHARES

The improvement in the tea share market, which was foreshadowed in these notes some few weeks back, has materialized. The improvement in these shares has been based on advices from Calcutta and Colombo, which indicate that the pendulum is beginning to swing in a satisfactory direction. Outside markets are taking more tea, leaving less for export to the United Kingdom. This movement, combined with prospective reduction of outputs due to the plucking restriction scheme, is likely to have a growing effect on the statistical position. This, in turn, should advantageously affect the commodity selling price, which will be further reflected in an improvement in tea share values. It is suggested that a purchase of such shares as Scottish Tea and Lands or Travancore Tea Estates, should yield a satisfactory return in the form of dividends and capital appreciation during the next twelve months.

ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

In the mining markets an interesting feature has been provided by the improvement in the price of the shares of Ashanti Goldfields Corporation to which attention has been drawn in these notes on several occasions in the past. This week at one time the price of Ashantis crossed 30s., which compares with 19s. 6d. at one time last year. The improvement in these shares is attributable to general realization that increased dividend distributions are to be expected for the current year, coupled with satisfactory developments. As a mining holding, even at the present price, these shares seem attractive.

SATISFACTORY MEETINGS

Lack of space prevented reference being made in these notes last week to the chairmen's speeches at four company meetings, the shares of which in each case have been recommended in these notes in the past. The companies referred to are Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Pinchin Johnson, London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves Limited and United Drapery Stores. In each case satisfactory progress has been made and holders of shares in any of these companies should feel satisfied as to their present positions and appear justified in looking for further improvement in the future.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of Wyndham's Marine Patents Ltd.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds Exceed £37,466,700. Total Income Exceeds £10,775,800
 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

Company Meeting

WYNDHAM'S MARINE PATENTS

SYSTEM SUCCESSFULLY APPLIED TO LINERS

The First Ordinary General Meeting of Wyndham's Marine Patents (1928), Limited, was held on Monday last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Sir Thomas G. Jones, K.B.E. (chairman of the company), presided.

The Chairman said:—My lords, ladies and gentlemen:

Dealing with the balance-sheet and report, it is pleasing to note that the company's liquid position is very good, the cash in hand on February 10 being £55,410, debtors £27,375, stock £7,129, making a total of nearly £90,000, against creditors of £11,600, leaving a balance of £78,281 in excess.

It will be observed that after paying our shareholders a dividend of 15 per cent., nearly half of our capital is liquid, while we carry forward to reserve the sum of £6,091 5s. 1d. out of the share premium account, after paying the whole of the brokerage, one-third of the preliminary expenses and depreciation.

It will be remembered when the company was formed that the Wyndham Waste-Heat Waste-Steam System was only being fitted to cargo steamers. In the middle of the year we went in for an enlarged system, suitable for fitting on the liner type of steamer, with the success you now know. Well-known shipping experts have expressed themselves on the system, and it is not for me to expound further on its merits, except, perhaps, to say this, that we have moved along, relying upon, and having full confidence in, the system.

We were as careful as possible in the expenditure on the capital account, and preferred to adopt the slow and sure method of feeling our way with security without squandering the available assets, with the result now before you.

We commenced with only one type of multi-flow heater, and, as you will remember, practically relied upon cargo shipping business; we now have a range of four sizes, the largest having approximately six times the capacity of the original heater. But all this has taken time, care and thought.

During the first portion of the period under review we fitted as many cargo steamers as possible, but, realizing the scope of the liner type, we fortunately changed over to that direction. This naturally meant, as I have said before, a certain amount of delay, as we had to continue fitting cargo steamers and at the same time alter the method of our manufacture for the liner type, in order to obtain the full approval of the classification societies and the Board of Trade. We surmounted these difficulties and the system is now approved by all the classification authorities.

LAND INSTALLATIONS

I am pleased to report that we have fitted our first land installation, with excellent results, and our consulting engineers, Messrs. Flannery, Baggallay and Johnson, visited our works on Friday last and inspected the approved system for marine work and also the land installation in operation, and, if I may, I will now read you their report.

The Chairman then read the report of Messrs. Flannery, Baggallay and Johnson, of which the following is an extract:—"We also, as requested, visited the land installation at Cardiff Docks in progress. The large increase in temperature of the feed water must result in a large economy of fuel. We also note you have other schemes in hand for the improvement of the fuel heating system of various shore plants in the colliery districts. The installation of the Wyndham system should lead to very beneficial results."

We were fortunate enough, after careful consideration and experimenting in Zurich and in this country, in purchasing the world's rights of the Weller Smoke Abator—this for a small outlay which we shall probably recover in a few months. Demonstration sets are now being fitted in this country and they are very successful in operation and cheap to install. We are assured that this device has advantages over all other smoke abators and is absolutely automatic; the system works without any manual assistance from the stoker, beyond closing his furnace door; this he has to do in any case. It can be made cheaply, is easy to fit, and shows a very good profit to the company.

A plant, with boiler demonstrating the Wyndham System in operation, has recently been erected at Bute Docks, Cardiff, where anyone interested can see the system at work, and applications to view are invited from engineers and others interested in the system.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors.

THE UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED

Established 1837

Incorporated 1860

CAPITAL (Authorised and Issued) .. £12,000,000
Capital Paid-up .. £4,000,000
Reserve Fund .. £4,850,000 } together £2,850,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors .. £2,000,000

DIRECTORS:

The Hon. EDMUND W. PARKER, Chairman
The Rt. Hon. LORD EMBURY, D.S.O., M.C.
HUGH D. FLOWER, Esq.
The Rt. Hon. LORD HILLINGDON
Sir MALCOLM HOGG
S. R. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, Esq.
Brigadier-General ARTHUR MAXWELL, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
ROBERT C. NESBITT, Esq.
FRED G. PARBURY, Esq.
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Head Office:

71 Cornhill, London, E.C.3

Manager—W. A. LIND. Assistant Manager—G. S. GODDEN
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	216

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General Manager, W. ROSS MUNRO, Esq. London Manager, E. H. LAWRENCE, Esq. Sub-Manager and Accountant, G. B. LINTON, Esq.

London Bankers

BANK OF ENGLAND NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, LIMITED NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED
Solicitors Messrs. SANDERSON, LEE & CO.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1929

The Rupee Assets and Liabilities have been converted at the rate of 1/6 per Rupee

The Rupee Assets and Liabilities have been converted at the rate of 1/6 per Rupee					
Dr.		£	s.	d.	Cr.
To Capital Authorised and Subscribed, 100,000 Shares of £25 each, £4,000,000					
Paid up £12 10s. per share	3,000,000	0	0		
To Reserve Fund	3,000,000	0	0		
To Current, Fixed Deposit and other Accounts, including provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts and Contingencies	81,467,322	6	1		
To Bills Payable	813,115	14	10		
To Acceptances for Customers	650,127	6	3		
To Profit and Loss Account, as under	588,461	16	7		
	£38,519,027	3	9		
By Cash on hand, at call and at Bankers	4,463,120	16	1		
By Bullion on hand and in Transit	451,388	10	6		
					4,914,509 6 7
By Indian Government Rupee Securities					5,804,641 5 5
By British Government Securities, Indian Government Guaranteed Debentures and other Securities (of which £300,000 War Loan lodged with Bank of England as Security for Government Accounts) ...					6,070,155 7 9
By House Property and Furniture (at cost, less amounts written off)					545,514 17 7
By Bills of Exchange					7,450,326 9 6
By Discounts, Loans Receivable, and other sums due to the Bank					13,083,752 10 8
By Customers for Acceptances per Contra					650,127 6 3
					£38,519,027 3 9

To Bills receivable, re-discounted, £4,974,124 9s. 11d. of which, up to 17th March, 1930, £3,931,404 13s. 4d. have run off. Forward Contracts outstanding for the purchase and Sale of Sterling Bills and Telegraphic Transfers £8,425,091.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ended 31st December, 1929

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To ad interim dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum for the Half-year ended 30th June, 1929	300,000	0	0	By Balance at 31st December 1928	607,328	18	10
To Expenses of Management at Head Office and Branches, including Directors' Fees £6,250	626,880	12	5				
To Balance	586,461	16	7				
				DEDUCT:			
				Dividend at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended December 31, 1928	£300,000	0	0
				Amount written off House Property Account	30,000	0	0
				Officers' Pension Fund	50,000	0	0
				Amount carried to Reserve Fund for the year ended December 31, 1928	50,000	0	0
					330,000	0	0
				Balance brought forward	277,328	18	10
				By Gross Profits for the year ended December 31, 1929, after providing for all bad and doubtful Debts	1,138,013	10	2
	£1,415,342	9	0		£1,415,342	9	0

W. ROSS MUNRO, General Manager.
G. B. LINTON, Sub-Manager and Accountant.

C. C. McLEOD,
R. LANGFORD JAMES, } Directors.
J. P. HEWETT.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS.

We have audited the above Balance Sheet with the Books in London and the certified Returns from the Branches. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is full and fair, containing the particulars required by the Regulations of the Company, and is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

London, 18th March, 1930.

COOPER BROTHERS & CO.
W. A. BROWNE & CO. } Auditors.
Chartered Accountants.

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Personal

LAST November we were asked to assist a family. Husband in hospital for several months but sent home suffering from incurable disease and died beginning of this month. Widow hopes soon to get work to support two children (15 and 6), but is not yet fit to seek a post. They now have only the one child's earnings to live upon. Gifts for assistance meanwhile to Preb. Carlile, "Special Cases," The Church Army, 55 Bryanston St., W.1.

'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 5.4.1930

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Appleton	Foulis	Noel Douglas
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Bale & Danielsson	Harper	Peter Davies
Blackwell	Harrap	Putnam's
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Cecil Palmer	Hurst & Blackett	Selwyn & Blount
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Cobden Sanderson	Jarrod	S.P.C.K.
Collins	Kegan Paul	Stanley Paul
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The Annual Draw of the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours will take place in the Galleries of the Institute on Tuesday, May 13.

The first prize will be of the value of £100, to be chosen from pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Institute, and there are numerous other prizes.

The tickets are one shilling each and each ticket will admit the holder once to the Exhibition. Every subscriber who takes a book of twenty tickets will be entitled to a reproduction in colour of the picture by Albert H. Collings, R.I., 'A Dainty Rogue in Porcelain.' Tickets may be obtained from Mr. Reginald Blackmore, 195 Piccadilly, London, W.

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